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# THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 122 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

# EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

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### LIVING ILL.

Love! kiss me, kiss me on the lips,  
And kiss me on the cheek;  
And I would that I could speak,  
My heart so full of happy plans;  
But I feel lost and weak.

This cup of pain so bitter is,  
And I feel dull with woe,  
And my tears are falling slow;  
But I touch your neck, your rosy neck,  
So I am blest, I know.

Oh, Love, we wedded years ago!  
A blessed bliss for me,  
Love! let me, let me see  
Your bliss, soft eyes turn into mine,  
Dear eyes, how kind they be!

I touch your neck, my tears flow down  
They soothe me when I speak;  
Oh, Love, I feel so weak!  
But, kiss me, kiss me on the lips,  
And kiss me on the cheek.

T. A.

## THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RED COURT  
FARM," "THE ROCK," &c., &c.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year  
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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE ARRIVAL.

It was the afternoon of a genial day in March, 1848, when a railway omnibus arrived at South Wrenock; South Wrenock being but a small country town, situated in the heart of England, and, as the railway reached to within two miles of it, those passengers who would go on, took advantage of the omnibus. It brought nothing but a lady and a trunk. The lady was young and beautiful, though she had not the advantage just then of being in perfect health. She was dressed in a dark silk dress and mantle, and her straw bonnet was trimmed with white. The omnibus drew up to its destination, the Red Lion Inn, and the landlady, Mrs. Fitch, came out to receive any passengers it might bring, as it is much the custom for landladies in small country towns to do.

The lady alighted, and Mrs. Fitch dropped a curtsey.

"Your servant, miss. Do you please to stay here?"

"For a quarter of an hour, or so, while you give me a glass of wine and a biscuit," was the reply; and the tone, accent, and manner were those of an unmistakable gentleman.

"I feel quite exhausted, and shall be glad of the refreshment."

"Dear, ma'am! and you are not in an over-fit condition to travel!" uttered the landlady, as she took a closer survey of her guest. "You shall have it in a minute. And perhaps you've come far, now? I beg ten thousand pardons for mistaking you for a young, unmarried lady."

"If you happen to have some cold meat, I think I would prefer a sandwich to the biscuit," was all the reply given by the traveller.

"Can you tell me if there are any comfortable lodgings to be had?" she next inquired, whilst partaking of the refreshment; the landlady standing by, and pressing the sandwiches upon her.

"Lodgings? Well, now—they are not over plentiful here; this is but a small place, you see, ma'am," was the response of Mrs. Fitch, as she stroked her face and deliberated. "The Widow Gould; she wanted to let a room or two, I know, a little back perhaps she mayn't have done it yet. I'll send up and ask, if you like; she's a decent bit, and I dare say you'd be comfortable there."

"I would prefer to go myself," was the lady's reply, as she laid down her glass, and rose. "I may see something else if she has none; I suppose the people puzzle in their windows. You will take care of my trunk until I return."

"I will sure, ma'am. What name, please?"

"Mrs. Crane."

The landlady stepped outside her house to direct the stranger on her way. Widow Gould's residence was situated towards the end of the town in Palace street—so called from its proximity to the palace of the bishop of the diocese, whose country residence was situated not far to South Wrenock. Six or seven minutes' walk brought Mrs. Crane to the house she sought, one of a neat terrace, with "Aparnment to let" in the window. Widow Gould herself came to the door. The lady wanted a sitting-room and a bedroom; could she be accom-

modated? Mrs. Gould replied that she could, and she mentioned a very moderate charge.

"You may perceive that I am expecting an illness," observed Mrs. Crane. "Will that be any objection?"

"N—o, I don't see that it need, ma'am," returned the widow, after some consideration. "Of course, ma'am, you would have a nurse to attend upon you? I could not undertake to do it myself."

"Certainly I should provide myself with requisite attendance," answered Mrs. Crane.

She looked over the rooms, found they suited, and took them for a month certain, intimating that she contemplated a longer stay, but preferred only taking them from month to month. Mrs. Crane then returned to the Red Lion, paid for her refreshment, ordered her trunk sent to her, and was back in Palace street to tea. Widow Gould, in obedience to her ring, came up to remove the tray when the meal was over.

"Be so good as to take a seat," said Mrs. Crane to her. "I have some information to ask of you. Never mind the tray; it can wait. First of all, what medical men have you in South Wrenock?"

"There's the Greys," was the response of the widow; and a pause ensued, Mrs. Crane probably waiting for the list augmented.

"The Greys?" she said, finding her informant did not go on.

"Mr. John and Mr. Stephen Grey, ma'am. There was another brother, Mr. Robert, but he died last year. Nice pleasant gentlemen, all three, and they have had the whole of the practice here; their father and their uncle had it afore 'em."

"Do you mean to say there are no other medical men?" exclaimed Mrs. Crane, in an accent of surprise. "I never heard of such a thing. Suppose any family was not satisfied with their treatment, and wished to call in some one else? And South Wrenock appears large enough to support more than one doctor."

"It have got a sight larger these last few years; since the rail come near the place there's a deal of building springing up. These houses be all new."

"But about the doctors?" returned Mrs. Crane, keeping her landlady to the point.

"True, ma'am, where was I? Oh, talking of the Greys. They were very much respected in the place; and being three of them they could do all the work. But there's another doctor come to it lately. A Mr. Carlyon."

"Who is he?"

"Well—I forget where he came from; I think, though, it was London. A fine dashing gentleman as ever you saw, not above eight-and-twenty, or thirty, I should say. He came down, all on a sudden, a few months ago, took that large house at the other end of the town, and set up for himself against the Greys. He keeps his carriage, and has got some of the Greys' patients from them, and some fresh ones who are just come to live in the neighborhood."

"Keeps his what?"

"His cabriolet, ma'am—a sort of a one horse carriage with a head to it. It's more than the Greys have ever done; they have had their horse and their plain gig, and that's all. It's said that Mr. Carlyon has plenty of private money."

"Is he clever—Mr. Carlyon?"

"There are people here who'll tell you he's cleverer than the two Greys put together; but I don't forget the old saying, ma'am: 'New brooms sweep clean.' Mr. Carlyon, being new to the place, and having a practice to make, naturally puts his best skill out to make it."

Mrs. Crane laughed.

"But, unless a man has the skill within him, he cannot put it out."

"Well, of course there's something in that," returned Widow Gould. "Do you know much of South Wrenock, ma'am?"

"Not anything. I never was here in my life."

"Then it's of no use speaking about them houses on the rise—a lot of new buildings, that you might have seen, coming along in the omnibus, ma'am, if you had looked out. I was going to say that Mr. Carlyon has got most of that fresh practice—the new families that have come here. There's one old gentleman and his daughters he's most uncommon intimate with, a Captain Chesney. There's three Miss Chesneys; one of them beautiful. 'Tother's older; and the little one, she's but a girl. Mr. Carlyon—good heart alive! what's the matter?"

Mrs. Gould might well cry out. The invalid—and an invalid she evidently was—had turned ghastly white, and was sinking back motionless in her chair.

Mrs. Gould was timid by nature, and remarkably nervous by habit. A little woman, with a shrivelled face and small shrivelled hands; the former she was always holding aside, and the latter she was always, when unoccupied, rubbing gently, and perhaps unconsciously, together. She lifted the stranger's head, but it fell back again without life; and, jumping to the conclusion that she must be dead, she flew down the stairs, shrieking, burst out at her own back door, and burst into the back door of the adjoining house. Two servants were in the kitchen; the one ironing at a table, the other sitting by the fire, doing nothing.

"For the love of Heaven come back with me, one of you!" shrieked Mrs. Gould. "I've got a new lady lodger just come in, and she's gone and died right off in her chair."

Without waiting for a reply, she flew away again. The young woman started up from the fire in alarm.

"Don't be frightened, Judy," said the other, calmly pursuing her ironing. "You don't know Dame Gould yet; if a black beetle falls on the floor, she'll cry out for aid. I need to think it was put on, but I believe she can't help it. You may as well go in, however, and see what it is."

Judy—as the ironing woman had called her—ran after Mrs. Gould. The latter was already up stairs in her lodger's sitting-room. She had torn a feather out of the small feather duster that hung by the mantelpiece, had set light to it, blown it out, and was pushing the burnt remains up the unhappy lady's nose. Judy saw what was going on, and dashed the feather to the ground.

"Don't be so stupid, Mrs. Gould! What good do you suppose that will do? Get some water."

"It had used to be my misis's remedy when I was a girl in service. D'ye think she's dead?"

"Just as much dead as you are. She's in a fainting fit. If you don't fetch the water, I must."

Judy applied the cold water to her face and head. Mrs. Gould looked on timidly, and burst out crying the moment the lady began to revive.

"It's my feelings as overcomes me, Judy; I always was a coward at sight of illness."

"You need not have been alarmed," the lady faintly said, as soon as she could speak. "For the last few months, since my health has been delicate, I have been rather subject to these attacks of faintness; they come on at any moment. I ought to have warned you."

"I was frightened, ma'am, for I thought surely you were dead—you looked just like it."

"I do think you must be a fool," put in Judy, to Mrs. Gould, in an indignant whisper; "who but you would talk of death to a young lady in her condition?"

They left her to herself when she was fully restored, putting, by her desire, writing materials on the table, Mrs. Gould carrying down the tea-things.

"Don't go away and leave me, Judy," said the widow, when they reached her kitchen. "She may have another fit, for what I can tell; you heard her say she was subject to 'em; it'd be a charity to stop with me, and you are a lady at large just now, with nothing to do."

"I'll go and fetch my work, and tell Margaret, then," rejoined Judy. "But where's the sense of calling it a fit, as if you were speaking of apoplexy?"

When the girl came back—though indeed she was not much of a girl, for she must have been full thirty—Mrs. Gould was washing up the tea things. That done, she produced two tumblers, two teaspoons, a black bottle, some brown sugar, and some hot water.

"Not for me," said Judy, who was then intent on her sewing, "I'd as lieve drink poison."

"Just a drop, Judy, for company's sake. When my nerves has undergone a shock, they can't get to rights again, without a sup-o' gin and water, hot."

"Then you can drink my share and your own," returned Judy. "Who is she, I wonder?"

"Some stranger. Mrs. Fitch sent her down to me. She came there this afternoon by the railway omnibus. I say, isn't she young?"

Judy nodded.

"I wonder if she's married?"

"Married?" angrily retorted Mrs. Gould. "If the wedding ring on her finger had been a bear, it would have bit you. Where was your eyes?"

Judy bit her throat.

"All wedding-rings haven't been put on in churches. Not but what I dare say she is married, for she seems a perfect lady; it was only her being so young, and coming here in this strange way, all unprotected, that set me on the other thought. Where is her husband?"

"Gone abroad, she said. I made free to ask her. She has been inquiring about the doctors."

"That's her bell," cried Judy, as the bell, hanging over Mrs. Gould's head, rang, and interrupted her. "And now you've got to go up smelling of gin!"

"One might smell of a less savory thing," replied Mrs. Gould, "but I'll just rinse my mouth out with cold water."

She did as she said, and then, taking a half-used nutmeg from her pocket, bit a little piece of it, and went up stairs eating it.

A sealed note lay on the table when she entered the sitting-room; the lady laid her hand upon it.

Mrs. Gould, I must trouble you to send this note for me. I did not intend to see about a medical man until to-morrow, but I feel very tired with my journey—as my fainting fit proved, for it was the fatigue, no doubt, that brought it on, the omnibus shook me a great deal—and I think it will be better that I see one to-night. He may be able to give me something to calm me."

"Yes, ma'am. They live not far off, the Greys. But, dear lady, I hope you don't feel as if you were going to be ill?"

Mrs. Crane smiled, for her landlady was tremblingly rubbing her hands together.

"Not ill in your sense of the word, but I do not want to alarm you with another fainting fit. I am in the habit of taking drops, which do me a deal of good; ten drops in a wineglass of water, but I unfortunately left them behind me."

"A beautiful help to the spirits, ma'am, is red lavender."

"Very likely; but I wish to see a medical man."

"Might I make bold to ask, ma'am, when you expect to be ill?" interrupted Mrs. Gould.

"In about two months; not before. Was that your daughter who came up with you just now? She seemed a nice young woman."

The question rather offended Mrs. Gould's vanity. She piqued herself upon looking young, and Judy was two-and-thirty, if she was a day.

"No, indeed, and I have neither chick nor child," was her answer. "She's nothing but Judy Ford, sister to the servant at our next door; and being out of place, her sister's misis said she might come there for a few days while she looked out. I'll get her to carry the note to for me."

Mrs. Gould had taken the note from the table, and was going off with it. The lady called her back.

"You see to whom it is addressed?"

Mrs. Gould stopped and brought the note close to her eyes; it was as much as she could do to see without her spectacles.

"Why—ma'am! it's to—to—Mr. Carlyon?"

"Well," said the lady, whose composure formed a contrast to the woman's astonishment, "and why should it not be?"

"But the Greys are sure and safe, ma'am; such a thing has never been known as for them to lose a lady."

Mrs. Crane paused, possibly in hesitation.

"Has Mr. Carlyon?"

"Well—no, I can't say that he has. If he had, I should have heard of it."

"By what you said this evening, I rather took a fancy to Mr. Carlyon; I think men of skill, struggling into practice, should be encouraged. If you have anything really serious to advance against him, that is different, and you should speak out."

"No, ma'am, no; and I'm sure it has been rude of me to object to him, if your opinion lies that way. I don't know a thing against Mr. Carlyon; folks call him clever; I'm naturally prejudiced in favor of the Greys, for Mr. John has attended me ever since he grew up, and his father did afore him. I'll send it down to Mr. Carlyon's."

"Let it go at once, if you please. I should like, if possible, to see him to-night."

Mrs. Gould descended to the kitchen. On the dresser, staring her full in the face as she entered, lay her spectacles. She put them on, and looked at the note. Judy spoke to her, but elicited no reply; she spoke again, but still obtained no answer. Mrs. Gould and her eyes were intent on the note.

"What's the matter? what is it you are staring at?" questioned Judy.

"Well, now, that's a curious thing, if ever there was one. Can you read writing, Judy?" added Mrs. Gould, pushing the note towards her, its address uppermost.

Judy cast her eyes on the letter, and gave practical proof. "Lewis Carlyon, Esq.," read she.

"How did she know his name was Lewis? I never mentioned it—and I couldn't mention it—for I never knew it. Is his name Lewis?"

"For all I know. Yes, of course it is; it's on his card. 'Mr. Lewis Carlyon, Surgeon.' Somebody else may have told her, if you haven't; Mrs. Fitch did, perhaps."

"There! that's it!" uttered the widow, struck with sudden conviction. "Mrs. Fitch has been speaking up for him, and that's what has put her on to Carlyon, and all of the Greys. There was a traveller ill at the Red Lion in the winter, and he had Carlyon. It's a shame of Mrs. Fitch, to turn round on old friends. Yes, that's it, for certain; she couldn't else have known his other name. Is it his Christian name, or what? It isn't much like one."

"Does she feel ill, that she's sending for the doctor?"

"No; but the journey has shook her. It is a nasty bit of road that that omnibus has to jolt over, and on it rattles, without regard to folks's bones. Judy, I must get you to take this for me."

"I dare say!"

"Come do, there's a good woman! I'll go on working for you, the while. I can't go myself, you know, for fear her bell should ring."

Judy, not unaccommodating, and not objecting, perhaps, to a walk, rose from her seat.

"I shall have to disturb Mrs. Jenkinson at the next door, to let me in," quoth she, with some vexation in her tone. "Margaret's gone out—and she's sure to have bolted the kitchen door. If it weren't a coldish night, I'd run without my bonnet, rather than trouble the old lady to let me in to get it."

"Put on mine," suggested Mrs. Gould. "You're welcome to it, and to my shawl too."

Judy laughed; and she laughed still more when arrayed in Mrs. Gould's things. The shawl did very well, but the bonnet was large, one of those called a "poke," and she looked like an old woman in it.

"Nobody will fall in love with me to-night, that's certain," cried Judy, merrily, as she took the note, and sped off to Mr. Carlyon's.

Mr. Carlyon's house was situated at the other extremity of the town, a quarter of an hour's walk, maybe, from Mrs. Gould's end of it, or twenty minutes, perhaps, for those who did not walk fast. It stood by itself, a handsome white house, with iron rails before it and on the sides, and a garden behind. It had long

been known as the "White House." At the principal entrance was a fine portico, supported by stone pillars, but there was also a small gate in the side railings, leading direct to the surgery, and on the other side, a gate which led to the servant's entrance. Judy, all unconscious of the regulations, proceeded to the front entrance, and knocked.

The door was thrown open by a young man in the striped jacket of a footman's undress.

"Can I see Mr. Carlyon?"

Judy's poke bonnet did not tell in her favor, and the footman superciliously threw back his head.

"Is it on professional business?" questioned he.

"Yes it is," said Judy.

"Then, perhaps, mem, you'll have the obligeance to walk round to the professional entrance; and that's along there, on the right-hand side."

He waved his hand condescendingly towards the spot indicated, and Judy turned to leave, not without a retort to the gentleman.

"I should think one door's as good as another, for what I want of Mr. Carlyon. How much wages do you earn, pray?"

"If ever I heard such a question!" minced the fellow. "What's it to you?"

"Because I should judge that there's so much given you for wages, and so much paid you for airs."

Passing out at the front railings, and in at the gate at the side, she came to the small, oak door, with Surgery written on it, and found herself in a square room, not large, whose walls seemed to be lined with bottles. A boy in buttons was lying at full length on the counter underneath the window, where the medicines were compounded, whistling in a shrill note, and kicking his heels in the air. The entrance of Judy startled him, and he tumbled off, feet foremost.

It was twilight, and not at first sight did he gather in Judy's appearance, but soon the objectionable bonnet, nearly hiding her face, grew out to view.

"Halloo!" cried he, "who are you? What do you want?"

"I want Mr. Carlyon."

"Then wait must be your master, for you can't have him."

"Is he at home?"

"No, he ain't."

"Then you must go out and find him. Here's a note that must be given to him at once."

The boy laid hold of the note, and drew it over his fingers.

"Is it of consequence, misis?"

"That's no concern of yours," returned Judy. "You go and take it to Mr. Carlyon."

"Well," said the boy, as if deliberating with himself, "perhaps we might tie it on to the telegraph wire, and send it along, that fashion. There's no other way of getting it to him."

Judy felt inclined to box his ears.

"Is your master away from South Wrenock?"

"He went off this morning, to Lunnon, or somewhere, and won't be home till—till—"

"Till when?" put in Judy, impatiently.

"Till his legs bring him," concluded the boy, turning a summer's.

Judy seized him and shook him.

"Now you behave as you ought, or as sure as you're there, I'll tell your master when he comes home, and he won't keep you in his service another hour. When is he coming?"

"The day after to-morrow. There. But twon't be till late at night."

"Now what had I better do?" thought Judy to herself. "I suppose I'd better leave the note; I can't do wrong in that. Here, take it," said she, aloud, to the boy, "and mind you give it him the minute he gets home. It's from a fresh patient, a lady, and she's ill."

As she went back through the streets, the landlady of the Red Lion was standing at her door.

"Good-evening, Mrs. Fitch," said Judy.

"Why, who—why, Judy, it's never you! What on earth have you disguised yourself like that for?"

"I've got on Dame Gould's things," laughed Judy. "She wanted me to go down to the new doctor, and lent me her bonnet and shawl. I didn't care to go in for mine, and disturb old Mrs. Jenkinson's Margaret was out."

"What have you been to the doctor's for?" questioned Mrs. Fitch, who had all the curiosity of an inn's landlady.

"The lodger you sent to Dame Gould feels poorly, and wanted the doctor. She had a fainting fit just before I came out."

"And Dame Gould sent for Mr. Carlyon?" breathlessly uttered the landlady. "What have the Greys done to her?"

"Well, she got hold of the name somehow, for there it was on the note, as large as life. But I can't stand chattering here; I must go back with the news that Mr. Carlyon's away."

"I could have told you that, if I had seen you going," said Mrs. Fitch. "His groom drove him over to the station this morning, and when he came back stopped here for a glass of ale, and said his master was gone away for a day or two."

"A nice groom he is too, if it's the one that wears a striped jacket and plays at footman!" contemptuously ejaculated Judy. "And that boy in the surgery, who carries out the physic, he's another civil article. Good-evening, ma'am."

"Good-evening, Judy. Tell Dame Gould to make the poor young lady comfortable in her trouble. And if there should be errand jolly, or any little thing of that sort wanted, she can come to me."

Judy sped along. Arrived at her destination, she gave a gentle tap on the door with her knuckles, but as it elicited no answer, she rang the bell, upon which Mrs. Gould was heard floundering down the stairs in hot haste. She jerked open the door; her face red, her whole frame shaking; Judy thought she had rarely seen one under the influence of so much terror.

"It's all over!" she uttered, seizing hold of Judy by the arms; "she's took bad! she is."

"What's all over?" asked Judy, in alarm herself.

"Don't I tell you? She's took bad; it's as true as we are here. Oh, good heart alive, what's to be done?"

"You are going off your mind," exclaimed Judy. "What do you put yourself out like this for? If she's taken ill she must be attended to."

"But there's nothing ready, there's no nurse, and no doctor, and no anything! Where's Mr. Carlyon?"

"He's in London," said Judy, "and won't be home for a day or two."

This was the climax. Dame Gould sank into a chair, and gasped. Judy, sensible and collected, went up stairs, first of all removing her bonnet and shawl.

Mrs. Crane was kneeling before a chair and grasping it, apparently as if, in that position, she could still her pain. The combs were out of her hair, which now fell in waving curls on her neck, and she was moaning slightly at intervals. Judy stood looking down at her, at her fair girlish face; and presently that face, in its agony, was turned up to Judy's, the eyes beseeching compassion. Never, Judy thought, had she seen eyes so beautiful—they were large, tender, brown eyes, soft and mournful, and they and their peculiarly beautiful expression became fixed in that hour, in Judy's memory. The woman knelt down to place herself on a level with the sufferer, and put her strong arms gently round her.</











EPIDEMICS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

FROM CHAMBERLAIN'S JOURNAL.

In spite of what we hear and read, and even smell with our own noses, of the state of the Thames and the impurities of London, and notwithstanding the threats of Cholera, and of the ravages of that dread disease when it does appear, there is no doubt that we moderns can have but feeble conceptions of the nature of a Plague proper—the hideous aspects of the great Epidemics of old. We are dirty enough in some of our great towns, it is true, but we are not so altogether filthy as were our forefathers of the middle ages. We overeat ourselves occasionally in the City, still, but two lord mayors and six aldermen are not found to die in one week of the *strepitus epidemicus*, as happened during the festivities which followed upon the victory of Bosworth Field. We by no means understand the nature of all diseases yet, or can suggest the most effectual remedies, but we do entertain such delusions, in any case, as that a man must be made to purgative for twenty-four hours without intermission, if he would escape death. The wisdom of our ancestors put the patient suspected of the Sweating Sickness instantly to bed; "covered him with feather-bed and furs; and whilst the stove was heated to the utmost, closed the doors and windows with the greatest care, to prevent all access of cool air. In order, moreover, to prevent the sufferer, should he be somewhat impatient, from throwing off his hot load, some persons in health likewise lay upon him, and thus expressed him to such a degree that he could neither stir hand nor foot; and, finally, in this rehearsal of hell, being tortured in an agonising sweat, gave up the ghost, when, perhaps, if he had a little discretion, he might have been saved without difficulty."

To continue that pleasant task, the favorable comparison of ourselves with our ancestors, if ever that terrible scourge of the fourteenth century, the Black Death, should reappear, it is probable that we should have more than one Guy de Chauliac to vindicate the honor of his profession, and "disclaim the excuse of his colleagues, who held the Arabian notion that medical aid was unavailing, and that the contagion justified flight;" nor would many of our clergy be found to conduct themselves like those of that period, who left the host outside the sick man's house, to be taken in by a servant, or administered the final sacrament at the end of a pole.

That this hideous pest, which derived its northern name from the black spots, indicative of a putrid decomposition, which appeared upon the skin, was exceedingly contagious, there seems to be no doubt. It was communicated from the sick to the sound "like fire among dry and oily fuel," and not only men but animals at once perished if they so much as touched anything belonging to the dead. Boecaccio, himself a medical man, relates that he saw two hogs upon the rags of a person who had died of this plague, after staggering for a short time, fall down dead as if they had taken poison. Every spot which the sick had touched spread the contagion, and even the very eyes of the patient were considered dangerous, which "had the power of acting at a distance, whether on account of their unenvied lustre, or the distortion which they always suffer in plague, or whether in conformity with an ancient notion, according to which the sight was considered as the bearer of a demoniacal enchantment." More powerful, indeed, than any atmospheric or other cause of the Black Death, was the effect of the contagion communicated from one people to another over the great roads and in the Mediterranean harbors. From its headquarters in China, the invading pestilence travelled by caravan and ship into Europe; Constantinople and the harbors of Asia Minor being the *feces* whence it radiated to the most distant seaports and islands. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants, and "ships without crews were often seen in the Mediterranean, as afterwards in the North Sea, driving about and spreading the plague wherever they went on shore." Lubeck, at that period a town of immense importance, was thrown by it into such consternation, that the citizens destroyed themselves as if in frenzy. "Merchants, whose earnings and possessions were unbounded, coldly and willingly renounced their earthly goods. They carried their treasures to monasteries and churches, and laid them at the foot of the altar; but gold had no charms for the monks, for it brought them death. They shut their gates, yet still it was cast to them over the convent wall. People would break no impediment to the last pious work to which they were driven by despair. When the plague ceased, men thought they were still wandering among the dead, so appalling was the livid aspect of the survivors, in consequence of the anxiety they had undergone during its continuance."

In Paris, there died five hundred daily in the Hotel-Dieu; nor had the Black Death respect for even the blood-royal, for the queens of Navarre and France fell each a victim to it. Venice and London lost each a hundred thousand of their population, and Munich fifty thousand, which must have been almost all. "Of the estimates of lives lost in Europe," says Professor Heccher, "the most probable is that, altogether, a fourth part of the inhabitants were carried off. It may be assumed, therefore, without exaggeration, that Europe lost during the Black Death twenty-five millions of people." It may well be asked, then, how did she recover so quickly from a shock so tremendous as this? The Professor acknowledges on all hands to be the most learned medical historian in Germany—has an explanation to give sufficiently wonderful. "After the cessation of the Black Plague, a greater fecundity in women was everywhere remarkable—a grand phenomenon, which, from its occurrence after every destructive pestilence, proves, to conviction, if any occurrence can do so, the prevalence of a Higher Power in the direction of general organic life. Marriages were almost without exception prolific, and

the Epidemics of the Middle Ages. From the German of J. F. C. Heccher, M. D. Translated by B. C. Robinson, M. D. Trowler & Co., 1859.  
In Italy, it was called "The Great Mortality."

double and triple births more frequent than at other times."

There were two grand devices favored by the non-medical portion of the European community for the doing away with the Black Death. One was the joining the Society of Flagellants, who, noble and ignoble, old and young, marched through the streets with nothing save a scarf around their waists, and a scourge of leather thongs in their hands. "Not only during the day, but even by night, and in the severest winter, they traversed the city with burning torches and banners, in thousands and tens of thousands, headed by their priests, and prostrated themselves before the altars. They proceeded in the same manner in the villages; and the woods and mountains resounded with the voices of those whose cries were raised to God. The melancholy chant of the penitents alone was heard." The second great remedy was far more popular, since no Christian body suffered by it—namely, the universal burning of Jews, and the advice of the clergy was in this matter followed with much greater alacrity. We can imagine the delight of a good Catholic, to whom, expecting a cat-o'-nine-tails for himself, it was suggested, instead, to sacrifice some other person, to whom, perhaps, he may also have owed money; and we can believe in the tenor of the remark which Barham puts into the mouth of the King of Spain upon a like occasion, if not in the very words themselves:

Poor, poor,  
Burn a Jew!  
Burn a dozen—  
Burn two.

And, indeed, it seemed better to burn a hundred Jews, than to give as many smacks with a leather whip on one's own naked shoulders. In every destructive pestilence, the common people have at first attributed the mortality to poison; and in this, the Jews were at once accused of having poisoned the wells, and infected the air. In Germany, the springs and wells were built over, so that nobody might drink of them, and the inhabitants of numerous towns used only river and rain water. The gates of cities were guarded, and if any stranger arrived with drugs in his possession—any *cade* moved of a medicine-chest, such as most travellers would be likely to have about them—he was made to swallow a portion of them in presence of the authorities. All the Jews in Basel were enclosed in a wooden building constructed expressly for that purpose, and burned together with it, upon the mere outcry of the people, without form of trial. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burned in their own burial-ground; and at Mayence, twelve thousand. At Spire and Kelingen, the whole Jewish community anticipated these attentions, and burned themselves in their synagogues. In short, "whatever deeds fanaticism, avarice, and despair, in fearful combination, could instigate mankind to perform, were executed in 1349 throughout Germany, Italy, and France, with impunity, and in the eyes of the world." Yet, singularly enough, it is about that date, we believe, at which, by very many simple persons, are fixed "the good old times." Even the physicians of the period appear to have had rather peculiar views of the cure and cause of this formidable malady, since we find the medical faculty of Paris, officially commissioned to deliver their opinion upon the matter, recommending "a little fine treacle to be taken after dinner," and that "fat people should by no means sit in the sunshine."

Scarcely had the graves of the millions who had perished by the Black Death well closed, before the Dancing Mania broke out in Germany and the Netherlands. This was not confined to any particular locality, but was propagated like some demoniacal epidemic by the mere spectacle of the sufferers. Persons afflicted with this dance of St. John, as it was called, "appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists girt with cloths, that they might, as soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief on the attack of the tympany. This bandage was, on the insertion of a stick, easily twisted tight; many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer. . . . These possessed persons intimidated the people to such a degree, that there was an express ordinance issued that no one should make any but square-toed shoes, because these fanatics had manifested a morbid dislike to the pointed shoes which had of late come into fashion." Thus those morbid disciples of Terpsichore retained in their madness—as is generally found among this species of fanaticism—a very considerable sense of what would hurt them; they could bear a little kicking, but then it must be with square-toed shoes. Why they should become so furious at the sight of red, as to fly at any person wearing garments of that color, and to tear them, is less intelligible; but there was another official prohibition, in consequence, forbidding red costumes to be worn. The dancers, it is said to add, tore their own clothes as well as other people's, in their paroxysms, and indeed were liable to so greatly misbehave themselves, that those who could afford it employed confidential attendants to accompany and take decent care of them. It was found that music had particular charms for these poor creatures, and on this account the magistrates hired musicians to carry them through their attacks with the greater quickness; and powerful men were sent in among them to complete their exhaustion, since they were exceedingly cunning of high leaps. With the Tarantula dancers—which was the name this mania went by in Italy, from the little spider which was supposed to be the cause of it all—red was, on the contrary, the most favorite color, so that a patient was seldom without some article of that hue, which he fastened his eyes upon, and ogled as a lover does his mistress.

"The dancing fits of a certain Capuchin friar in Tarentum excited so much curiosity, that Cardinal Cajetane proceeded to the monastery to see with his own eyes what was going on. As soon as the monk, who was in the middle of his dance, perceived the spiritual prince clothed in his red garments, he no longer listened to the Tarantella of the musicians, but with strange gestures, endeavored to approach the cardinal, as if he wished to count the very threads of his scarlet robe, and to ally his in-

terest longing by its color." Upon the spectacle preventing this, he presently sank down in a swoon, and was only recovered by the cardinal's compassionately giving him his cape. "This he immediately seized in the greatest ecstasy, and pressed, now to his breast, now to his forehead and cheeks, and then again commenced his dance, as if in the frenzy of a love-fit." The historian does not state whether the cardinal got his cape back again or not.

The extent to which morbid sympathy will carry ignorant and simple persons, can be scarcely comprehended indeed by those who have not read this volume of Dr. Heccher's. It was originally printed in this country for the Hydenham Society, when the ravages of the Cholera were fresh in all men's minds, and mainly on account of its description of the Black Death; but it is not less interesting at this period to compare the accounts of the Dancing Mania with certain unstrained religious Revivals. Within the present century, a Revival movement commenced at a Methodist chapel at Redruth in Cornwall, which affected, even to convulsions, more than four thousand persons. About fifty years ago, there was scarcely a Sabbath wherein the same religious hysteria did not manifest itself in the Shetland Isles. One pious and intelligent minister, however, being annoyed on his first introduction to that country by persons with those paroxysms, informed his congregation that no remedy was so excellent as immersion in cold water, for which treatment a lake at his Kirk-door happened to offer particular advantages. This suggestion put an effectual stop to these unpleasant manifestations, although several females writhed and tossed their arms about in the churchyard outside, when not under the eye of their pastor. Before, however, this hydropathical clergyman arrived, as many as sixty persons were, on sacramental occasions, carried out of Kirk together, struggling and roaring. John Wesley, it may be remembered, was perfectly used to exhibitions of this kind, and by no means approved of them, even in the gentler sex. "I shan't think any better of you for that," observed he to one of these female Convulsionists; "whereupon," we are told, "he amended." Whenever a man "fell into a fit for my entertainment," says he, "I had him placed outside to recover at his leisure."

The religious element is not, of course, essential to the exhibition of this morbid sympathy. At a cotton manufactory at Holden Bridge, in Lancashire, a girl, on the 15th of February 1797, put a mouse into the bosom of another girl who had a great dread of mice. The girl was immediately thrown into a fit, and continued in it, with the most violent convulsions, for twenty-four hours. On the following day, three more girls were seized in the same manner; and on the 17th, six more. The whole work, in which 200 or 300 were engaged, was presently stopped, and an idea prevailed that a particular disease had been introduced by a bag of cotton opened in the house. Presently, twenty-four were seized, of whom twenty-one were young women, two girls of about ten, and one man who had been much fatigued with holding the girls. Five of the number lived miles away at another factory, and were infected *entirely from report*, not having seen the other patients, but, like them and the rest of the country, strongly impressed with the idea of the plague being caught from the cotton. The symptoms were anxiety, strangulation, and very strong convulsions; and these were so violent as to last, without any intermission, from a quarter of an hour to twenty-four hours, and to require four or five persons to prevent the patients from tearing their hair and dashing their heads against the floor or walls."

The novelty in this present edition of Dr. Heccher's book—now for the first time procurable by the general reader—is his account of the wonderful child-pilgrimage at the beginning of the thirteenth century. A shepherd-boy, in Vendome, began the principal movement—of which there were several at different epochs—and soon gathered to himself some thirty thousand young followers. He performed miracles at St. Denis, and was the greatest (and least) saint of his day for no little time; but "every day there arose new eight or ten year old prophets, who preached, worked miracles, and animated whole armies of children. When any asked these children in pilgrims' coats whether they were going, they answered as with one mouth, 'To God.' Their orderly processions were headed by oriflammes; many carried wax-candles, crosses, and censers; and they sung incessantly hymns of fervid devotion. . . . The consternation of the parents was boundless. No persuasion, nor even the despair and tears of the mothers, could keep back the boys. Were they hindered, they wept night and day, pined with sorrow, and fell ill with trembling of limbs, so at last, of necessity, they were let go. . . . The movement did not last long before there were assembled at Vendome an innumerable army of boys, armed and unarmed, many on horse-back, the most on foot, and among them not a few girls in male clothing." They imagined, poor little fellows, that the sea would go back for them, and that they should reach the Holy Land dry-shod. They were, of course, soon joined by a host of English camp-followers, who cheated them so miserably that the most had soon to be maintained by charity. But at Marselles, whether they were bound, the worst awaited them. Two merchants of that place, Hugh Ferrus and William Ferrus, gave them an affectionate reception, and promised to take them over the sea for God's blessing only, but having filled seven large ships with them—two of which struck on St. Peter's Island, where a church was erected to the memory of the little passengers, who perished there every one—they carried them to Alexandria, and sold them to the Saracens. It is good to know that Ferrus and Ferrus, by command of the Emperor Frederic II., were both hung.

We cannot say that the author of this interesting volume has quite proved, to our satisfaction, his favorite theory, that mighty revolutions in the organism of the earth proceed and partly effect such awful scourges as the Black Death and the Sweating Sickness; and he maintains upon, as it seems to us, insufficient grounds, that great epidemics are epochs of development, wherein the mental energies of

mankind are exerted in every direction, and have a vast influence upon succeeding ages; but surely his complaint is a just one, that such important facts as he has narrated have been left almost entirely to the medical writers, and have been altogether overlooked or dismissed with very insufficient notice by historians.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS  
OF THE  
SATURDAY EVENING POST  
FOR 1860.

The light on the hill-tops has faded,  
The dim shadows meet and embrace.  
In the sheltering lap of the evening  
The wan day is hiding her face.  
Wearied out with resisting the darkness,  
Which, sternly approaching space  
Is crowding her out of her place.

There are voices of shouting and laughter,  
The streets are resounding with cheer—  
And all up and down, in the windows,  
The home-lights begin to appear;  
Yet something there is in the evening,  
Most sad, unaccounted and drear,  
On this, the last night of the year,  
The last lone night of the year!

More dim grow the shapes of the passers,  
Whose faces I faintly discern,  
As I sit here alone in the shadows  
And watch the bright window-lights burn.  
And think of some long ago Christmas,  
And the days which will never return—  
They are gone, and will never return.

And now, in the gathering darkness,  
I fancy the year that is old  
Walks over the world he has governed,  
With footsteps which some may behold—  
All wearied and bent with his labors,  
And sorrows and trials untold,  
Unrelieved, unquenched, uncondoled.

With feet uninvited he enters  
The houses of the high and the low,  
And noting what manifold changes  
Have changed since a twelvemonth ago,  
He writes them all down in his record,  
And marvels that we are so slow,  
To see how the rapid years go!

He walks like a ghost through the darkness,  
The darkness so fit and drear,  
Knowing well that his hour is approaching,  
And the end of his stewardship near;  
His steps are as silent as moonlight—  
No ears are so keen as to hear  
The feet of the vanishing year!

Behind him, in solemn procession,  
There follows a various throng—  
Some wandering slowly and gravely—  
Some gladiolously dancing along.  
As though their light footsteps were measured  
By music, and sunshine and song—  
A mingled, mysterious throng!

I press my face against the frosty glass,  
And watch to see them pass,  
Some chill and smileless, and some crowned with  
flowers,  
The ghosts of the dead Hours!

Stern January leads the varied train—  
His is a bitter reign  
Of ice and cold—he loves the dreary rain,  
And the strong winds that make the forests howl—  
His beard is white—his brow  
Dark with impending snow-storms, even now  
His power returns again.

Then, frigid and unkind,  
His February follows close behind—  
Cruel, yet serving, in his bitterest spite,  
To make our hearts warm, and our home-fires  
bright.

The gusty March is there,  
With snow flakes stirred in his wind-tossed hair—  
Leading, with blustering care  
The timid Spring days, softening unaware,  
And breathing gracious airs;

Then cheerful April, full of freakish wiles,  
And most uncertain smiles,  
Fickle as moon—might be more faithless be—  
Constant inconstancy!

Smiling and singing all along the way  
Comes the courageous May,  
Radiant with her alternate rains and shines,  
And seeking day by day  
For early flowers which she seldom finds.

Then, not a step too soon,  
Dawns the delightful and most regal June—  
Her rich, warm tresses full of golden gleams,  
And voice like gurgling streams;  
While clustering roses, white and crimson, stay  
Unwithered in her bosom all the day.

July, with careless ease,  
Lifts her flushed forehead to the bashful breeze,  
The gorgeous blooms which make her royal zone,  
All ripe and overblown.

Then August, with her rosy shoulders bare,  
Wooing the drowsy air,  
And wilted lilies fainting in her hair,  
Fragile as they are rare—  
And sweet September, sunny-eyed and fair,  
Grown serious unaware—

And bright October, with her golden locks,  
And fruits, and ripened shocks,  
With mellow dyes of alabaster softness born,  
And sheaves and yellow corn.

November, with a frown,  
Shakes the few lingering leaves in anger down,  
And scathes, with deadly blight,  
The few imperfect blooms which brave her might.  
And dare to seek the light.

Then kind December's hand  
Spreads her white mantle o'er the naked land,  
And covers from our eyes  
The sorrowful scenes of Winter's victories.

Thus glides in misty light and shadow by,  
Dutiful and silently,  
The Vision of the Months—they fade and pass,  
And as the last one melts away from sight,  
Loosely and startlingly  
The bell's strange, sudden clang awakes the night.

And heavy, slow and clear,  
Tells for the parting soul of the dead Year—  
We can but say—  
The sacred echoes faint and are silent—  
The darkness is lone and drear—  
And the air seems to wait and to listen,  
As though some strange presence were near.  
While I throw up the window and hearken  
Amid the deep stillness to hear  
The first uttered word of the Year—  
The voice of the timid New Year!

And far in the brightening distance,  
I hear the first notes of a song,  
Now faint, and uncertain and fitful,  
Now swelling triumphant and strong.  
In strains which the wide-awake echoes  
Take up, and repeat and prolong—  
A cheerful and jubilant song!

"The night is old,—see, in her locks  
The streaks of gray appear!  
Come, let us wake the tardy year  
With songs of joyful cheer,  
And welcome, with a greeting warm,  
The young and bashful year!"

"Open the doors of every heart,  
Fling up their windows wide,  
And let the sunbeams enter in—  
Toss every care aside,  
Since Father Time, though gray and old,  
Has won another bride!"

"Hail to the whilome widower!  
Long may his gray beard wave!  
He lays his old love in the dust  
With heart untriven and brave,  
And brings his new bride, gay and young,  
To dance upon her grave!"

"Oh, Father Time makes matters serve  
A double purpose well!  
The same old soul that seems to be  
His dead love's parting knell,  
Is, by a queer coincidence,  
His joyous marriage bell!"

"Poor Fifty-nine" her slighted worth  
Shall ornament our rhyme—  
Her hands have brought as blessings rare—  
Her deeds have been sublime—  
She did her duty faithfully,  
While she kept house for Time!

"Fall many wondrous sounds she's heard,  
And wondrous sights has seen—  
And from life's varied wilderness  
Has taught our hearts to glean  
Stern truths and sad experiences,  
With merrier ones between."

"And now with wisdom and with age,  
As with a crown, endowed,  
She wraps her rich experience  
About her for a shroud,  
And passes from our vision, like  
A shadow or a cloud."

"Now may the noble purposes,  
The hopes and wishes dear,  
The children she has fed and clothed  
In mother-love sincere,  
Be favored by their step-mother,  
The young and giddy Year!"

"Good morning!" may the Year whose voice  
Now greets our welcoming ears,  
Bring joy and plenty to our homes,  
Leaving no place for tears,  
And prove itself, to each and all,  
The happiest of New Years!"

Wit and Humor.

AN ABOMINABLE STORY.—Mr. Phibbs is an excessively fastidious man; so much so is Phibbs that he doesn't even take his oysters promiscuously about town.

"For, d'ye see, my boy," says Phibbs, "there's no calculating on these promiscuous oysters; they may be a manufactured article."

With this always in sight, Phibbs goes to Delmonico's.

"Half a dozen raw on a plate."

He notices, just as he has downed his number one, that a corpulent Dutchman stood beside him, sorrowfully surveying a single oyster on the plate before him. The moment that Phibbs swallowed his first, the expression of the Dutchman's face changed from sorrow to joy.

"Ah, mein Gott, you swallow him whole?" Rh says Meinher.

"Of course," says Phibbs.

"And you can swallow him whole, too?" pointing with his fork to the lone oyster that lay on the plate before him.

"Certainly I can," says Phibbs, and, suiting the action to the word, the oyster was on his fork, and in a moment "swallowed."

"Oh, mein Gott! dat is wonderful! wonder-ful! I never did see! I have try to swallow him two, tree time—every time I spit him back."

Phibbs has been quite unwell ever since.

THE COCHETING OF A SHARP MAN OF BUSINESS.—Pitts is a fast man, a sharp man, a man of business tact, and when Pitts goes into a store to trade, he always gets the lowest cash price; and he says: "Well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anything that suits me better, I'll call and take this."

Pitts, like all fast men, is partial to women, and young ones in particular. Now, quite lately Pitts said to himself: "I am gettin' rather long in years, and guess I'll get married."

His business qualities wouldn't let him wait, so off he travels, and calling upon a lady friend, opened the conversation by remarking that he would like to know what she thought about his getting married.

"Oh, Mr. Pitts, that is an affair in which I am not so very greatly interested, and I prefer to leave it to yourself."

"But," says Pitts, "you are interested, and my dear girl, will you marry me?"

The young lady blushed very red, hesitated, and finally, as Pitts was very well to do in the world, and morally, financially, and politically of good standing in society, she accepted him. Whereupon the matter of fact Pitts responded:

"Well, well, I'll look about, and if I don't find anybody that suits me better than you, I'll come back."

A CONFIRMED TOPER.

The following scene is taken from real life, having occurred at North Cambridge, at the hotel occupied by Old Zach Porter:

Joe, the man of all work about the hotel, was fond of good liquor, or, indeed, liquor of any kind; and, being generally short of funds, was in the habit of selling on all remnants of liquor left by practitioners at the bar. Thus matters progressed for some years, keeping Joe pretty well soaked, when Porter, having occasion to make a mixture for curing a diseased hoof, had need of some nitric acid, or aquafortis, that article being one of the ingredients of the lotion. Taking a common bar tumbler, and pouring a sufficient quantity of acid into it, he went out, leaving the tumbler on the counter, and a drover the sole occupant of the bar-room. He had no sooner passed the door than in came Joe, and seeing, as he thought, a tumbler, as usual, with some liquor too good to be wasted, immediately looked through the bottom, "as was the usual custom," and quickly threw himself outside of said liquor. He then went to chopping wood, smacking his lips at the unusual strength of the spirit.

Shortly after, Old Zach coming in, picked up the tumbler to go on with his medical preparation, but was very much surprised on finding it empty. Inquiring of the traveller, he was informed that a short, chunky man (describing Joe) had drank it. With an exclamation of surprise, and consternation depicted on his countenance, he rushed out of the room in search of Joe, expecting to find his dead body not many yards off. He passed around the house, and in the back yard found Joe doing extra execution on the logs, working as he generally did when he had on an extra amount of steam. After getting over his astonishment, this conversation ensued:

Old Zach—"Joe, did you drink that stuff on the counter?"

Joe—"Why—yes—I thought it hadn't ought to be wasted, you know. All right, I 'spose!"

Zach—"I don't know. How do you like it; how do you feel after it?"

Joe—"Feel? I feel first-rate—lively as a cricket."

Zach—"Well, Joe, but haven't you noticed anything out of the way—nothing wrong about you?"

Joe—"Anything wrong? Well, no, not much; first-rate liquor; takes good hold; goes further than common. There is only one thing queer about it which I can't get the hang of, (here he drew his shirt-sleeve under his nose,) whenever I wipe my mouth I burn a hole in my shirt!"

DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.—"I can make a pie with any cook in the country," said a joker to a confectioner, who was sweet on his own abilities.

"You can't make one with me," said the man of paste, "for a pound."

"That's a bet," replied the other.

The money was staked.

"Now," said the wit, "I claim the wager."

"How's that?" quoth pasty, to which the other responded—

"I said I could make a pie with any cook in the country, but I did not say I could make it without such assistance. Now, I bet I'd make a pie with you, and you can't doubt but that I could make it with your help, and therefore you are beaten."

"Fairly caged," said a bystander, and the laugh was against the cook. As soon as it subsided, the confectioner said—

"I win this wager. This man bet me that he could make a pie with me; now, I won't make a pie with him. Hence, the wager is mine."

The laugh was now on the other side. It was a drawn game.

THE PORT AND THE BUTCHER.—Col. Brackett, the butcher, is well known to the denizens of Watertown and Cambridge, Massachusetts, as a man who has made his pile, and although with sturdy independence he still drives his cart, as in days of yore, is entitled to some degree of consideration. And he receives it.

Among his numerous customers was James Russell Lowell, the poet. One morning the poet happened to be strolling beneath the giant trees that line the avenue of Elmwood, as his place is called, when the Colonel drove up in his cart. As the horse slackened his pace, the poet being in a cheery frame of mind, passed the customary salutation, "Good-morning, Colonel," to which our worthy friend replied. After a word or two by way of something to say, Mr. Lowell remarked, "How glorious the nights now are, Colonel. I think I never saw the moon shine so brilliantly as last night."

"Wa'll, yis, Mister Lowell," says the Colonel, "that are's so, an' no mistake. I was just remarkin' the same to Miss Brackett this morning. 'Miss Brackett,' says I, 'how very fine night now is!' says I, 'what a bully moon for slaughtering!'"

GOT MORE THAN THEY WANTED.—The following is attributed to the celebrated Rowland Hill:

"Two strangers passing the church in which he was preaching, entered, walked up the aisle, and finding no seat, stood for a while and listened to the sermon. Presently they turned to walk out. Before they reached the door, the preacher said: 'But I will tell you a story.' This arrested the strangers, and they passed, turned again, and listened. 'Once there was a man,' said the speaker, 'who said that if he had all the axes in the world made into one great axe, and all the trees in the world were made into one great tree, and he could wield the axe and cut down the tree, he would make it into one great whip to thrash those ungodly men who turn their backs upon the Gospel, and stop to hear a story.' The strangers thought they had heard enough to satisfy their curiosity, and resumed their walk in the street."

THE common opinion is, that we should take good care of children at all seasons of the year, but it is well enough in winter to let them slide.



## HOW STRANGE.

BY FLORENCE PERCY.

How strange it will be, love—how strange when we

Shall be what all lovers become—  
You, frigid and faithless—I cold and untrue—  
You thoughtful of me, and I careless of you—  
Our pet names grown rusty with nothing to do—  
Love's bright web unravelled, and rent, and worn  
through

And life's loom left empty—ah, hum!

Ah, me,

How strange it will be.

How strange it will be when the witchery goes.

Which makes me seem lovely to-day;

When every thought of me loses its colour de rose—

When every day serves some new fault to disclose—

When you find I've cold eyes, and an every-day

now,

And wonder you could for a moment suppose

I was out of the common-place way—

Ah, me,

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, love—how strange, when

we meet

With just a chill touch of the hand!

When my pulses no longer delightfully beat

At the thought of your coming, the sound of your

feet—

When I watch not your going, far down the long

street—

When your dear loving voice, now so thrillingly

sweet,

Grows harsh in reproach or command—

Ah, me,

How strange it will be!

How strange it will be, when we willingly stay

Divided the weary day through

Or, getting remotely apart as we may,

Sit chilly and silent, with nothing to say,

Or coolly converse on the news of the day

In a wearisome, old married-folk sort of way!

I shrink from the picture—don't you?

Ah, me,

How strange it will be!

Dear love, if our hearts do grow torpid and old,—

As so many others have done,—

If we let our love perish with hunger and cold—

If we dim all life's diamonds and tarnish its gold—

If we choose to live wretched and disunited,

'Twill be strange of all things that ever were told

As happening under the sun!

Ah, me,

How strange it will be!

—Saturday Gazette.

## CLARA LAKE'S DREAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASHLEY."

## III.

It was a brilliant day in August, far too brilliant, taken in conjunction with the heat, and the twelve o'clock train was preparing to leave Katterley. The platform was all in a bustle—a bustle that was not frequently experienced at that quiet little station—but since the previous evening, when a fearful accident had occurred not far off, Katterley had been on its legs. The train, the one about to proceed, had come in, and only three minutes before allowed for its stay, people who were going by it looked alive; a few had got out, a great many were getting in, for idlers had been flocking to the scene of the accident all the night and morning and would be flocking, until their curiosity was satiated.

A porter held open the door of a first-class carriage, as a party hastened on to the platform; two gentlemen, three ladies, and a maid-servant. The porter evidently knew them well, and touched his cap.

"Johnson," said one of the gentlemen to him, "let us have it to ourselves if you can; don't crowd us up."

"Very well, sir," replied the man; "I dare say I shan't want to put anybody else in."

"But now whereabouts is this carriage?" called out one of the ladies, in a hasty and rather shrilling voice, as she looked to the right and left, "because, if it's not just in the middle, I won't get in. I'll never put myself towards either end of a train again as long as I live."

"Step in, step in, Mary Anne," cried the same gentleman who had previously spoken, "you are all right."

"Make haste, miss," added the porter. "The time's up."

"Of course it's up," repeated the young lady, "and I wonder it wasn't up before we reached it. This comes of putting off things till the last moment. I told you all the clocks were slow, and we should be late. If their's one thing I hate more than another, it's the being obliged to rush up and catch a train at the last moment! No time to choose your carriage; no time to see or do anything; they may put you in the guard's van if they please, and you never know it till you are off. I dare say we have come without our tickets now; do you know, Oliver?"

In reply, Oliver Jupp held up the six bits of cardboard for his sister's satisfaction, and the party settled themselves in their seats.

"Why, Elizabeth, I declare I never saw you!" exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp to the maid-servant.

"Didn't you, miss. I walked right behind you from our house."

"I thought it better to bring Elizabeth," interposed her mistress, Mrs. Lake, who was looking that morning unusually young and lovely. "Mrs. Chester's servants will be glad of help with so many of us to wait upon."

"Mrs. Chester is the best manager in a house that I ever met with," exclaimed Margaret Jupp. "Fancy, only two servants, and one of those you may almost call a nurse, for the children require plenty of attending to, and yet things seem to go so smoothly. I can't think how she contrives it."

"Trust my sister for 'contriving' things," struck in Frederick Lake, with a half-smile at his wife opposite to him.

"I hear you had a pleasant day there yesterday," Mrs. Lake said to Oliver Jupp.

"We wanted you and Lake to complete it. It was too bad, Mrs. Lake, to shuffle off after having promised to go. There was an uncon-

mon nice girl spending the day there. She's to be there again to-day, I fancy."

"Who was that?" inquired Mr. Lake, briskly, who had rather a propensity for liking "nice girls," although he was a married man.

"Don't know who she was, or anything about her," replied Oliver. "Your sister called her Lydia, and I did the same."

"It was a Miss Clapperton," interrupted Margaret Jupp. "Louisa was telling me about her this morning; she took an immense fancy to her."

"Oh, I know," cried Frederick Lake; "They live in Guild, the Clappertons, and Penelope has got intimate with them. You shan't pick out nice girls for me, Oliver, if you call her one. I saw her once; a young Gorgon in spectacles, with prominent eyes."

"That's Nancy Clapperton, the near-sighted one," corrected Mary Anne Jupp, who was one of those ladies who always know everything. "It was her sister who was there yesterday, a delightful girl, Lony and Rose both say."

"I hope she'll be there to-day, then," laughed Mr. Lake.

"She is to be there, but don't you and Oliver quarrel over her; he monopolised her yesterday, I hear."

"We'll go snacks," said Frederick Lake, "or else draw lots. When does the old Indian begum make her entry?"

"For shame, Mr. Lake! you do turn everything and everybody into ridicule," exclaimed Margaret. "I'm sure I think she'll be a delightful acquisition; so pleasant for your sister."

"Well, when does she come? Nobody says she won't be an acquisition—for those who can stand begums. I know one once, and she was awful. She had gold teeth."

Margaret Jupp turned to Clara.

"Why don't you keep your husband in better order? He is incorrigible."

"I fear he is," she smiled.

"Very strange!" uttered Frederick Lake. "I can't get an answer to my question; I think it's somebody else that's incorrigible. When—does—the—begum—arrive? I hope that's plain enough."

Margaret laughed.

"I'm not in the begum's confidence; or in Mrs. Chester's either. How should I know?"

"Mrs. Chester was talking of her yesterday," interrupted Oliver Jupp. "She is not sure which day she comes; the middle of the week, she thinks."

They were approaching the scene of the accident, and soon the train arrived at Coombe Dalton, and came to a standstill. "I thought we did not stop here," exclaimed Mary Anne Jupp.

"Every train has stopped here, I expect, since last night," observed her brother, "bringing doctors, and friends of the wounded."

A porter came up the platform, calling out, in his stentorian but unintelligible lingo, "Coombe Dal—ton; Coombe Dal—ton," and a sudden thought took Mary Anne.

"I do wish we could take a peep at the scene," she exclaimed, "the place where the accident occurred. I wonder if we should have time. Does anybody know how long the train stops here? Elizabeth, lean out at the window, and ask the man."

Elizabeth, who sat by herself at that window, they all being close to the other, leaned out, and caught the man just as he had passed.

"Here, master," cried she, "how long do we stop here, please?"

"Ten minutes," replied the man.

At least, Elizabeth thought that was the answer, and she drew in her head and shoulders and sat down.

"Ten minutes, miss," he says.

"Oh, then there's lots of time," returned Mary Anne, eagerly rising; and her sister and Mrs. Lake as eagerly followed her example, for the scene of a frightful accident does bear its charms for the public eye. The two gentlemen had seen it the previous night, had spent some hours on it, but they prepared to accompany them. They descended from the carriage, all but Elizabeth; of course, as she was not bade to do so, she remained where she was.

The accident had taken place just outside the station. Retracing their way, a couple of minutes' walk brought them to it, and Oliver, who had been in the unfortunate train, was proceeding to explain details, when a loud shriek was heard, and off puffed the train, theirs.

A blank look of consternation seized upon their faces. That it had gone, not to put back again, was evident by the rate of speed. The ladies were alarmed, the gentlemen inclined to laugh.

"Well, you have gone and done it, by bringing us out here!" exclaimed Mr. Lake. And Mary Anne Jupp, impulsive and hasty, flew back, calling out and shouting—as though she thought she could arrest the carriages.

"What made you tell us the train stopped here ten minutes?" she began, seizing hold of the porter to whom Elizabeth had spoken, while the rest of her party followed her up.

"Ten minutes! I never said it stopped here ten minutes," answered the man, taken aback.

"You did. A young woman leaned out of a first-class carriage and asked you."

"Oh, she," returned he. "I told her two minutes. What has it got to do at this station, that it should stop ten?"

Elizabeth's ears must have mistaken the word two for ten; there was no doubt of it. But what was to be done?

"When will another train come by, that will take us on to Guild?" inquired Oliver Jupp.

"Ten minutes before three, sir."

And it was now a quarter past twelve.

"Well, that's pleasant," added Oliver.

He was interrupted by a hearty laugh from Mr. Lake, which seemed to proclaim that to him it was pleasant, and they turned to him half in anger.

"I am thinking of Elizabeth's consternation," cried he; "we have got her ticket. Suppose she has no money in her pocket; they will be for taking her up, at Guild."

Of course there was plenty of time to examine now the scene of the accident, and they

were not the only spectators. On the actual spot itself, there was nothing to be seen, for the line had been cleared to allow of the progress of trains—their own, with themselves, had just passed over it; but, drawn beyond the line on either side, were marks enough; the battered engine, the debris of the carriages; there had not been leisure yet to clear it away.

"There was a truck upon the line," said Oliver Jupp. "In shunting some trucks on to the down line, one of them broke down, and could not be got off it before our train came up. The engine ran into it, and—we were done for."

"But how dreadfully careless of the people at the station to allow your engine to run into it!" replied Margaret. "They ought to have signalled your train to stop."

"They did signal it," interrupted a strange voice at her elbow, and Margaret turned to see the station-master, who was known to her brother and Mr. Lake. "The red lights were exhibited at the station, and a switchman waved the red signal light up and down, all to no purpose. You observe that post," he added, pointing to an iron post, or pillar close to them, for he perceived she looked as if she scarcely understood him; "that is the night signal-post. When the line is clear, a green light is exhibited there, as a notice that the trains may pass; but, when it is not clear, a red light is substituted, and no train must proceed when a red light is there. Not only was the red light there last night, but the switchman, alarmed at the train's coming on so quickly, seized it, and waved it to enforce attention; but the driver took no notice, and went dashing on to destruction."

"Was he killed?" inquired a bystander.

"No. And his escape is next door to a miracle," was the reply. "He was flung from the engine, and lay motionless, and was carried off for dead, but it appears he was only stunned, and is nearly well this morning. He'll have to stand his trial, of course, and a good thing for him if they don't bring it in Wilful Murder—for that's what some of these careless engine-drivers will come to, one day."

"He had taken something that obscured his vision probably," remarked Mr. Lake.

"I think not," returned the station-master; "he's a sober man. No; it is carelessness; they go driving on, never looking at the signals. It is not once in many weeks, perhaps, that the danger signal is exhibited; they get accustomed to see the other, and it becomes to them so much a matter of course that it must be there, that they forget to look at it. That is my opinion; and I see no other way of accounting for it."

He turned back to the station as he spoke, and a gentleman, who had drawn near while he was speaking, held out his hand to greet the Lakes and the Jupps. It was Colonel West, an acquaintance who resided at Coombe Dalton.

"Oh, colonel," exclaimed one of the young ladies, "what a shocking accident this has been."

"Ay, it has. Seven picked up dead, and four more gone this morning, besides legs and arms and backs broken. It is awful to think of."

"And all from one man's recklessness!" added Mr. Lake, with more severity, more feeling than he generally suffered himself to display. "As the station-master says, they won't give over, till some of them are convicted of wilful murder. I hope the man who drove the train last night will get his deserts."

They were strolling away from the spot, the colonel, Mr. and Mrs. Lake, and the Miss Jupps; Oliver had gone back with the station-master. The colonel, who was a keen, sensible man of fifty, turned and faced Mr. Lake, and stood still; the others stood still likewise.

"Let me disabuse you, at any rate. I hear they are putting the blame upon the driver, but he does not deserve it, and they must be doing it to screen themselves. I know nothing of the man, and never saw him in my life till this morning, but I shall stand between him and injustice."

"In what way? what do you mean?" Mr. Lake inquired.

"They say that they exhibited the danger signal, red, and that he dashed on, regardless of it," continued Colonel West. "I went to the inn this morning where some of the wounded are lying, and there I found the driver—as they told me he was—on a mattress on the floor. 'How did this happen?' I said to him. 'I don't know how it happened, sir,' he replied, 'but I'll declare that there was no red signal up to stop me, as they say; the green light was up, as usual.' That was the first I had heard about the red light," continued the colonel, "but I find the man's words are true, and that the whole blame is laid to him. Now, it happens that I was in my garden last night, when the smash came, just over on the other side of the line, and I can bear the man out—that it was the green light up, not the red."

"Shameful!" uttered Frederick Lake, rising against the injustice. "I hope, colonel, you will stand by the man."

"You may be sure of that. I'd transport a reckless driver for life, if I could, but I would never see an innocent man falsely accused."

Having nothing to do with themselves, they strolled into the village, such as it was, the colonel with them. At the door of the small inn, whose floors had been put into requisition the previous night, on the green bench running under the windows, sat the driver of the engine, his head tied up with a white cloth, and his arm in a sling.

"Why, Cooper?" uttered Mr. Lake, in much surprise, "was it you who drove the engine?"

He knew the man well; a young man he was, and a native of Katterley, of very humble station, but most respectable in conduct, and of good natural intelligence. Not above a month had he been promoted to be an engine-driver; before that he was a stoker.

"Yes, sir, it was me," he replied, standing up to answer, but sinking down again from giddiness. "And I can only say I wish it had been somebody else, if they are going to persist in accusing me of causing the accident wilfully."

"I need not have speculated on whether the

driver was overcome by strong liquor, had I known who it was," said Mr. Lake.

"He tells me he never drinks," interposed Colonel West.

"Never, sir," said Cooper. "Water, and tea and coffee, and those sort of things, but nothing stronger. I had a brother, sir, who drank himself to death before he was twenty, and it was a warning for me. This gentleman and those ladies knew him."

Mr. Lake nodded assent.

"So they say the red light was up, do they, Cooper, and you would not see it?"

"I hear they are saying so at the station, sir; but it's very wrong. There was no other light up but the one that's generally up, the green. Should I have gone steaming on, risking death to myself and my passengers, if the danger light had been up? No, sir, it's not likely."

"Did you look at the signal light?" inquired Mary Anne Jupp. "Perhaps you—you might, you know, Cooper, have passed it without looking?"

"I did look up, Miss, and I couldn't be off seeing it last night, if I had wanted, for it was being swung about like anything. 'What's up now,' I said to myself, 'that they are swinging the lamp about like that?' and I thought whoever it was doing it, must have had a drop too much."

"But don't you think you might have suspected danger?" questioned Mr. Lake.

"No, sir, not from the green lamp. If they had wanted to warn me of that, they should have swung the red. Any way, I'd rather have given my own life, than it should have happened when I was driver."

Killing the time in the best way they could, they got back to the station a few minutes before the train was expected. The accident was the topic of conversation there.

"I have seen the driver," remarked Mr. Lake; "I know him well, a sober, steady man. He says the red signal was not exhibited; that it was the green."

"Oh, he does, does he?" returned the station-master. "He had better prove it. Of course, when they are at their wits' end for an excuse, they invent anything, probable or improbable."

"Copper is not a man to invent. I am sure he is truthful."

"Let him wait till the inquest," was the significant reply.

The train came in, Oliver made his appearance from somewhere, and they were taken on to Guild. There they found Elizabeth; she had no money in her pocket, and was sitting waiting for them, like Patience on a monument, unable to leave the station. There was a good deal of laughter, and they proceeded to Mrs. Chester's, ten minutes' walk. That lady came to the door to receive them, very cross.

"You disagreeable, tiresome things, what in the world brings you here at this time? You knew we were to have dined at three o'clock, and taken dessert and tea upon the lawn. I have been obliged to order the dinner put back."

"It was the train's fault," answered Mr. Lake; "it deposited us half-way, and left us."

"Of course, you must put in your nonsense, Fred, or it wouldn't be you," retorted Mrs. Chester. "Come along with me, girls, and take your things off. Dinner will be on the table in twenty minutes."

"Here, Penelope, wait a moment," cried her brother, drawing her back as she was approaching the staircase, "is Lydia Clapperton here to-day?"

"Yes. Why?"

"In the garden, I think; or else with the children. What do you want with her?"

"Only to get the start of Oliver; he has stopped in the village to lay in cigars, or something of the sort," laughed Mr. Lake, as he turned back to the garden. "He says she's a nice girl."

Guild Farm—as the place was called, having been a farm in days gone by—was a pleasant spot, the house good, and standing in the midst of an excellent garden. It was let cheaply, for the farmer who rented the land had another house, and did not want it. Frederick Lake went peering about in search of Lydia Clapperton, down shrubberies, behind trees. At last he came to a summer-house, and through the entrance he discerned a young lady sitting.

"There she is!" he exclaimed.

She looked four or five-and-twenty, but her dress would make her look young. A rich black silk dress, with a low body and short sleeves, edged by a ruche of white crepe, a jet chain on her neck, and jet bracelets. She had very decided features, inclining to the aquiline, and thin, compressed lips; her eyes, by many, would have been called beautiful; they were intensely black, and had a somewhat bold expression. Her hair was beautiful—a smooth, purple black, very luxuriant, and worn in a profusion of braids or plaits.

"A fine girl," thought Mr. Lake.

"There she is!" he exclaimed aloud, in his free and somewhat saucy manner—a manner that women like—as he entered and unceremoniously held out his hand.

She rose, dropped some fancy work, nothing, that she was busy upon, and put out her hand, as if surprised into the movement. Mr. Lake took it, and she looked up at him; a gay, fascinating man, gentlemanly in the midst of his freedom.

"I told Mrs. Chester I should come and find you. I have had the pleasure of seeing your sister, so we need not wait for an introduction. We have kept her waiting pretty well, to-day, have we not?"

"She has been wondering over the non-arrival of her friends," replied the young lady, as she resumed her netting.

"And fuming over it, too," laughed Mr. Lake. "We had an adventure, and the train left us midway. Delaying your dinner-hour is the worst."

"Oh, that is nothing. I am glad you have come at last. I think nothing is more pleasant than a country-house filled with visitors."

"When they can do as they like," added Mr. Lake. "We are to remain till Wednesday, I believe, and must make the most of it. I hope you will stay also. After that, there'll be no fun in coming; there'll be a restraint."

The young lady paused in her netting and lifted her eyes.

"What restraint?" she said, after a pause.

"Mrs. Chester has sold her liberty to an old Indian begum. Haven't you heard of it? She is coming here to take possession, and we must all be upon our good behaviour before her. No fun to go on then."

"An Indian begum?" uttered the young lady staring at him.

"Nothing less formidable, I assure you. She is expected to make the journey from town on an elephant. I shall draw a sketch of her, after dinner, for private circulation; shawls, fans, woolly hair, and propriety. She's an old widow, relict of Sir George Ellis; we must not so much as speak before her."

The young lady laughed.

"Mrs. Chester has laid down rules for our conduct," he went on, rattling. "The last time I was here, she saw me snatch a kiss from a pretty girl, and last week she came over to my house to lecture me, and inquired what I supposed my lady Ellis would think of such conduct. You have no conception what a nightmare this old begum is to me."

"Really I don't wonder. Shawls, fans, woolly hair, and an elephant! Old and ugly—did you say ugly?"

"As if a begum could be anything else! Not that her ugliness or beauty could affect me; but her interfering with the liberty of a fellow—that does it."

"But—according to your version—it is Mrs. Chester who seems to be interfering; not the begum."

"Oh, it's all the same; excepting that, for Mrs. Chester we should not care, and for the begum, I suppose, we must. I did think of getting a few days' fishing here, this hot weather, but it's over now. I shall never stand that begum—twirling one's thumbs before her, and speaking in measured monosyllables."

The young lady bent over her netting; she had made a long stitch.

"Mrs. Chester seems to wish to keep you in order," she remarked, without looking up.

"She just does; we listen to her pretty dutifully, and when her back's turned, have a good laugh over it. Allow me to try and get that knot undone for you; it is giving you trouble."

She answered gaily,

"Why, what do you know about netting?"

"A great deal. I noticed a boy's fishing net once. Those long stitches are the very plague."

"A fishing-net!" she laughed. "Well, perhaps you did; but what do you think you could do to this fine silk; you, with your man's fingers?"

"I can try, so as to save the trouble to you."

He bent down as he spoke, and attempted gently to draw the work from her; she kept it tight. It really looked as though they had no objection, either of them, to lapse into a flirtation, when, at that moment, voices were heard, and Mr. Lake looked up. Passing from the shrubbery, on to the lawn, was Oliver Jupp, with a young lady by his side. She turned her head and stood, calling out to Mrs. Chester's children behind, so that Mr. Lake had a view of her face.



and down to the cellar, and to the coal-house, and to the dairy, and to the china closet; and in all, beside the entrance door. Then they turned to leave.

"Are you coming, Clara?"

"Directly," she replied. "Mary Anne, I wish you would send Frederick here when you go back; I want to speak to him."

Mary Anne delivered her message. Mr. Lake was then seated at the table, peering a pair for Lady Ellis. He went towards the house when he had given it her, just as Mrs. Chester ran, in dire wrath, after her mischievous young son, who was climbing up a tree, to the detriment of his trousers.

"I had no idea, till just now, that Mr. Lake was a married man," observed Lady Ellis to Mary Anne, who she leisurely ate her pear.

"No! Then who did you suppose Mr. Lake was?"

"I did not suppose anything about it; I did not know she was Mrs. Lake. Have they been married long?"

"About three years."

"Any children?"

"There was one. A beautiful little child; but it died. Do you not think her very lovely? It is a sweet face!"

Lady Ellis shrugged her shoulders. "She has no style. And she seems as much wrung up in her husband as though they had been married yesterday."

"Why should she not be?" blithely asked Mary Anne. "I only hope when I am married—if ever that's to be—that I and my husband shall be as happy and united as they are."

"As she is," spoke Lady Ellis. "I would not answer for him."

Mary Anne Jupp felt cross. She believed that somebody had been whispering tales about Mr. Lake's nonsensical flirtation with his sister Rose; and pure nonsense, on both sides, she knew that to be. Frederick Lake is one of those men who cannot live without flirtation," she observed, "who admire every woman they meet, and take care to let them know it; his wife can afford to laugh at it, knowing that his life is exclusively hers."

Lady Ellis drew down the corners of her mouth, and coughed a little cough of disbelief, for which Mary Anne Jupp, upright and high-principled, could have scolded her for an hour.

"A woman hazards more than she bargains for, when she lies herself, for better or for worse, to one of these attractive men; but of course she must put up with the consequences."

"What consequences?" exclaimed Mary Anne, feeling herself puzzled by the speech altogether.

"The seeing herself a neglected wife; the seeing others preferred before her, as she must inevitably do, when her own short reign is over."

"Had you to experience that?" sharply asked Mary Anne, intending the question to sting her.

"I!" equally returned Lady Ellis. "My husband had nothing attractive about him, and was as old as Adam. I spoke of the wives of attractive men; others may humdrum on to their graves, and be at peace."

What Mary Anne Jupp may have thought fit to answer in reply cannot be recorded, for her sister Margaret and Mrs. Chester came up and interrupted them. Margaret proclaimed that Mrs. Chester was about to take her on the expedition from which Mary Anne had returned—that of seeing the kitchens and other offices.

"I suppose I may not ask to be of the party," cried Lady Ellis, starting up, and looking at Mrs. Chester.

"Certainly you may. Why not?"

They proceeded leisurely across the lawn and round the side of the house towards the back entrance. Meanwhile, Mr. Lake had gone in search of his wife, in obedience to her summons, and found her in the large kitchen.

"Did you want me, Clara?"

"Come here," she whispered, in an awestruck tone; and he advanced and stood beside her. She pointed out the several features of the room. "Do you see them? Do you remember?"

"I have not been in the kitchen before," was his answer, looking curiously at the room and then at her.

"It is the kitchen of my dream!"

"The what?" uttered Mr. Lake, inclined to fall into an irrelevant laugh.

"It is, Frederick," she whispered, her voice sounding strangely hollow. "I described its features to you that night, and now you may see them. We are standing in the same position!" She burst forth more eagerly, as if the fact had but that moment occurred to her.

"See! I was here, you on that side of me, as you are now; here was the small round dark table close to us; there is the large window, with the ironing-board underneath it; there, to the left, are the dresser and the shelves, and even the very plates and dishes upon them—"

"Of the precise willow pattern," put in Mr. Lake.

"There, behind us, is the fireplace; and around are the several doors, in the very self-same places that I saw them," she continued, too eager to notice or heed the mocking interruption. "I told you it looked like a farmhouse kitchen, large and bleak; you may see that it does, now."

"I shall begin to think that you are dreaming still," he returned.

"I wish I was! I wish I had never seen in reality the kitchen of that dream. I did not at the first moment recognize it. When I came in with Mrs. Chester and Mary Anne, it struck me as being familiar, and I was just going to say to them, 'I must have been here before,' when my dream flashed upon me, like a child; I felt as struck; sick; I feel so yet."

"This beats spirit-rapping," said Mr. Lake.

"Let us lay hold of the table, and see whether it won't turn."

"Why will you turn it into mockery?" she resumed, her tone one of sharp pain. "Frederick, you know that dream seemed to foretell my death."

"I decline to goodness, Clara, you will make me angry!" was his retort, in a changed voice.

"What has come over you these last few days?"

"That dream has come over me," she replied, with a shiver. "I thought it was done with; done with by the accident of last night;

and now the sight of this kitchen has renewed it in all its horror. If you could, only for one minute, feel as I am feeling, you would not wonder at me."

Her state of mind appeared to him most unaccountable; not foolish, worse than foolish; and never in his life had he spoken so sharply to her as he spoke now.

"I should be sorry to feel it, even for a minute; I should be ashamed to do so; and I feel ashamed of you. What did you want with me?"

"To show you the kitchen. To tell you this."

He gave vent to an impatient word, and turned angrily to the door. She, her heart bursting, went forward to the window; just so had it been in the dream, just so had they seemed to part, he going to the door and she to the window, just so had been the sharp conviction of coming evil. Mr. Lake looked back at her; she had laid her head against the wall near the window; her hands dropped down; in her whole air there was an utter agony of abandonment. His tenderness returned to him, and he walked across the kitchen. As he drew her face from the wall he saw that it was white, and the tears were running down her cheeks.

"Clara," he exclaimed, as he sheltered it upon his own breast, "must I treat you and another you as I would a child?"

"No, treat me as your wife," she passionately answered, breaking into a storm of sobs.

He suffered her to sob for a few moments, till the paroxysm had spent itself, and then spoke, in a tone of remonstrance, it is true, but with deep tenderness.

"Is it possible that you can allow a foolish superstition, a dream, to cause this wild grief?"

"It is not the dream that is causing the grief. You are causing that; you never so spoke to me: when I said it might foretell my death, you turned my words into ridicule. It is as if you do not care whether I live or die."

"Clara, you know better. What can I do for you? How can I soothe you?"

"Do not speak to me in that tone again."

"My dearest, I will do anything you wish, in reason; you know I will; but you must not ask me to put faith in that dream. And if my voice sounded harsh—why, it would vex any man to find his wife so foolish."

"Well, well, it shall pass; I will not vex you with it again. If any ill does come, it must; and if not—"

"If not, you will acknowledge what a silly child you have been," he interrupted, holding her to him and kissing the tears from her face.

"Silly, and superstitious, if you will," she whispered, "but not a child. I think I am less a child at heart than many who are older. Frederick, if you could ever grow unkind to me, I should die."

"I never will, my darling."

Standing looking in at the chink of the door, having come softly along the passage matting, was Lady Ellis. What did she see? She saw his face bent down upon his wife's, and heard his kisses, all but heard his sweet words; heard quite enough to imagine them. An angry look of envy, nearly of hate, rose to her pale features; he was what she had called him, an attractive man, he had that day paid her attentions, said sentimental nothings to her in a low voice; and there are some women who would fain keep such men to themselves, whether they may have wives or not; nay, their having a wife is only so much the greater inducement. Was Lady Ellis one?

Clara dried her eyes hastily.

"Come and walk in the open air," he whispered to her; "it will do you good."

And Lady Ellis watched them afterwards slowly pass the window, she leaning on his arm.

IV.

Assembled in the largest room that the small inn at Combe Dalton would afford, were the coroner and his jury, inquiring into the cause of the railway accident which had been productive of so many deaths. The station master, the "switchman," and one porter, all who had been at the station on the Sunday night, testified that the red lights were exhibited to give warning of danger, and that the driver, in reckless defiance of them, had gone dashing on, and so caused the catastrophe.

The driver, Cooper, who was permitted to give his testimony at his own desire, was cautioned that what he said might be used against him. It was to the effect that the usual light, the green, was exhibited, and not the red. The coroner knew him for a steady man, one who, to use the words of a witness, "wouldn't tell a lie to screen himself from nothing."

"Did you look at the lights?" inquired the coroner of Cooper.

"I looked at both, sir. The lamp that was at the end of the station, and the lamp on the signal post beyond it."

"And you say they were the green lights?"

"That they were, sir. The same green lights that are always up. He had taken the light off the post, and was waving it about, and I couldn't conceive what he was doing it for."

"But here are three witnesses, the station-master and the two men, who have sworn that the red signals were up, and not the green," persisted the coroner. "It is very strange that you should maintain the contrary."

"The three may be in a league together to say so, and hide their own negligence," interposed an audible voice from the most crowded part of the room. Upon which the coroner threatened to commit anybody so interrupting, for contempt of court.

"All I can say is, sir, that there was no difference, that night, in the lights, from those exhibited on other nights," concluded Cooper.

"They were the green lights, and not the red, and if I had to die next minute, I'd say it."

A gentleman presented himself for examination, and was sworn. Colonel West.

"In justice to the driver, I think it right to offer my testimony," he said, addressing the coroner and jury. "I am enabled to state that the light exhibited on the signal-post,

and which the man took down and swung about, was green; when the driver asserts that it was not red, he speaks the truth."

"Were you at the station?" inquired the coroner of the witness.

"No; I was in my garden, which is precisely opposite the signal-post on the other side of the line. I was walking about in it, smoking a cigar. I heard the train approaching, and I saw the man take the lamp off the post, lean forward, and swing it about, evidently to attract attention. A minute after, the accident happened."

"And you say this was not the red light?"

"It was not. It was the light that is generally up, the green."

The coroner gave an expressive look at the station-master, which spoke volumes, and the latter looked red and indignant. There was some talking, some confusion, and when it subsided, Oliver Jupp was standing by the table. One of the jury inquired why he was put forward.

"I don't know," returned Oliver. "I happened to mention that I saw the light in question exhibited and swung about; I suppose it is for that."

"Which light was it?" inquired the coroner, when he was sworn.

"The red."

There was a pause. Perhaps more than one present thought of the old fable of the chameleon.

"From whence did you see it?" asked the coroner.

"I was in the train. As we got to Combe Dalton station I looked out at the window, and saw a red light being waved about. I remarked it to my sisters, who were in the carriage with me, and one of them observed that if it was the red light there must be danger. The accident occurred almost as she spoke."

"Are you sure it was the red light, sir?" inquired one of the jury, all of whom had been impressed with Colonel West's evidence.

"Certain."

"And of course he could have no motive in saying anything but the truth," remarked the jurymen to another, in a louder tone than he thought for.

"I a motive!" haughtily returned Oliver, taking up the words. "I am put here to state simply what I saw, I expect; neither more nor less. I am sorry to give evidence that may tell against Cooper, who is respected in Katterley, but I am bound to say that it was the red light."

Colonel West was recalled, and further questioned. But he wavered not a jot; the light he saw swung about was the green.

"Well," exclaimed the coroner, "there's hard swearing somewhere. It is impossible, at the present stage, to come to any satisfactory conclusion, and I think, gentlemen of the jury, we had better adjourn the inquiry, when perhaps further witnesses may be forthcoming."

And adjourned it was, accordingly.

(CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Madeleine Georges, the celebrated French actress, was starting in the provinces. One evening, after the fall of the curtain, the boxes assembled around to congratulate her.

"Ah, gentlemen," said she, "to play that part well, one ought to be young and beautiful."

"Oh, madame," answered one, the sharpest of the beaux, "you have proved the contrary."

"As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair—for one that we find real there are nine that are false!"

Those who have finished by making all others think with them have usually been those who began by daring to think with themselves.—*Colton.*

A scuffle between some Irish laborers took place on a bridge, and a battle royal ensuing, one of the Irishmen was very badly wounded over the bridge. Whilst he was floundering in the water, he loudly exclaimed to his opponent, "Oh, ye spalpeen, come and hit me now, if you dare!"

Armies, though always the supporters and tools of absolute power, for the time being, are always the destroyers of it too, by frequently changing the hands in which they think proper to lodge it.—*Chatterfield.*

That was a triumphant appeal of an Irishman who was a lover of antiquity, who in arguing the superiority of old architecture over the new, said—"Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient?"

The last laird of Macnab, before the clan finally broke up and emigrated to Canada, was a well-known character in the country, and, being poor, used to ride into Aberdeen on a most wretched horse, which gave occasion to many gibes at the laird's expense. A young wag, by way of playing him off, asked him, in a contemptuous tone, "Is that the same horse you had last year, laird?" "Na," said the laird, brandishing his whip in the interrogator's face in so emphatic a manner as to preclude further questions, "Na, but it's the same whup!"—*Dean Ramsay's Reminiscences.*

We smile with contemptuous indifference, a critic wrote in the British and Foreign Review, in 1839, "when a nephew of Napoleon prefers a claim to that crown which the highest military and political genius of modern history won and wore." Who smiles now?

Very Cere.—When the Florentines were at war with Pisa, they were in a financial difficulty, and a citizen proposed, as a means of obtaining money, that, whereas the Florentines had hitherto levied custom duties at each of the eleven gates of their city, they should make eleven other gates, and thus double their receipts.—*Notes and Queries.*

A few weeks ago a baby was taken to church to be baptized, and his little brother was present during the rite. On the following Sunday, when the baby was undergoing his ablutions and dressing, the little brother asked mamma if she intended to carry Willie to be christened? "Why, no," said the mother; "don't you know, my son, people are not baptized twice?" "What!" returned the young reasoner, with the utmost astonishment in his earnest face, "not if it don't take the first time?"

## THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

We give the opening of the Message, which refers to the Slavery and Slave Trade questions, and a summary of the rest of the document.

Followers of the Senate and House of Representatives.

Our deep and heartfelt gratitude is due to that Almighty Power which has bestowed upon each of us such varied and numerous blessings throughout the past year. The general health of the country has been excellent; our harvests have been unusually plentiful, and prosperity smiles throughout the land. Indisputably, notwithstanding our demerits, we have much reason to believe, from the past events in our history, that we have enjoyed the special protection of Divine Providence ever since our origin as a nation. We have been exposed to many threatening and alarming difficulties in our progress; but on each successive occasion the impending cloud has been dissipated at the moment it appeared ready to burst upon our heads, and the danger our institutions have passed away. May we ever be under the Divine guidance and protection!

Whilst it is the duty of the President "from time to time to give to Congress information of the State of the Union," I shall not refer in detail to the recent sad and bloody occurrences at Harper's Ferry. Still, it is proper to observe that these events, however local and cruel in themselves, derive their chief importance from the apprehension that they are but symptoms of an incurable disease in the public mind, which may break out in still more dangerous outrages, and terminate at last, in an open war by the North to abolish slavery in the South. Whilst, for myself, I entertain no such apprehensions, they ought to afford solemn warning to us all to beware of the approach of danger. Our Union is a stake of such inestimable value as to demand our constant and watchful vigilance for its preservation. In this view, let me implore my countrymen, North and South, to cultivate the ancient feelings of mutual forbearance and good-will towards each other, and strive to allay the demon spirit of sectional hatred and strife now alive in the land. This advice proceeds from the heart of an old public functionary, whose service commenced in the last generation, among the wise and conservative statesmen of that day, now nearly all passed away, and whose first and dearest earthly wish is to leave his country tranquil, prosperous, united and powerful.

We ought to reflect, that in this age, and especially in this country, there is an incessant flux and reflux of public opinion. Questions which in their day assumed a most threatening aspect, have now almost gone from the memory of men. They are "volcanoes burnt out, and on the lava and ashes and squalid scoriae of old eruptions grow the peaceful olive, the cheering vine, and the sustaining corn." Such, in my opinion, will prove to be the fate of the present sectional excitement, should those who wisely seek to apply the remedy, continue always to confine their efforts within the pale of the Constitution. If this course be pursued, the existing agitation on the subject of domestic slavery like everything human, will have its day, and give place to other and less threatening controversies. Public opinion in this country is all-powerful, and when it reaches a dangerous excess upon any question, the good sense of the people will furnish the corrective and bring it back within safe limits. Still, to hasten this auspicious result at the present crisis, we ought to remember that every rational creature must be presumed to intend the natural results of his own teachings. Those who announce abstract doctrines subversive of the Constitution and the Union, must not be surprised should their heated partisans advance one step further, and attempt by violence to carry those doctrines into practical effect. In this view of the subject it ought never to be forgotten that, however great may have been the success of the secessionists in the States, this was followed by subsequent acts of a similar character, to which I need not specially refer. Such were the principles and such the practice of our ancestors more than fifty years ago in regard to the African slave trade.

It did not occur to the revered patriots who had been delegates to the Convention, and afterwards became members of Congress, that in passing these laws they had framed with so much care and deliberation. They supposed that to prohibit Congress, in express terms, from exercising a specified power before an appointed day, necessarily involved the right to exercise this power after that day had arrived.

If this were not the case, the framers of the Constitution had expended much labor in vain. Had they imagined that Congress would possess no power to prohibit the trade either before or after 1808, they would not have taken so much care to protect the States against the exercise of this power before that period. Nay, more, they would not have attached such vast importance to this provision as to have excluded it from the possibility of future repeal or amendment, to which other portions of the Constitution were exposed. It would seem that the framers wholly unthoughtfully engraved on the fifth article of the Constitution, prescribing the mode of its own future amendment, the proviso "that no amendment which may be made prior to the year one thousand eight hundred and eight, shall in any manner affect the provision in the Constitution securing to the States the right to admit the importation of African slaves previous to that period."

According to the above construction, the clause itself, on which so much care and discussion had been employed by the members of the Convention, was an absolute nullity from the beginning, and all that has since been done under it a mere usurpation.

It was well and wise to confer this power on Congress, because had it been left to the States, its efficient exercise would have been impossible. In that event any one State could have effectually continued the trade, not only for itself, but for all the other slave States, though never so much against their will. And why? Because African slaves, when once brought within the limits of any one State, in accordance with its laws, cannot practically be excluded from any other State, where slavery exists. And even if all the States had separately passed laws, prohibiting the importation of slaves, these laws would have failed of effect for want of a naval force to capture the slave-ships and to guard the coasts. Such a force no State can employ in time of peace without the consent of Congress.

These acts of Congress, it is believed, have, with very rare and insignificant exceptions, accomplished their purpose. For a period of more than half a century there has been no perceptible addition to the number of our domestic slaves. During this period their advancement in civilization has far surpassed that of any other portion of the African race. The light and the blessings of Christianity have been extended to them, and both morally and physically condition has been greatly improved.

Reopen the trade, and it would be difficult to determine whether the effect would be more deleterious to the interests of the master or to those of the native-born slave. Of the evils which would result from the reopening of the trade, the introduction of wild, heathen, and ignorant barbarians, among the sober, orderly, and quiet slaves, whose ancestors have been on the soil for several generations. This might tend to barbarize, demoralize, and exasperate the whole mass, and produce most deplorable consequences.

The effect upon the existing slave world, if possible, be still more deplorable. At present he is treated with kindness and humanity. He is well fed, well clothed, and not overworked. His condition is incomparably better than that of the coolies which modern nations of high

civilization have employed as a substitute for African slaves. Both the philanthropy and the self-interest of the master have combined to produce this humane result. But let this trade be re-opened, and what will be the effect? The same, to a considerable extent, as on a neighboring island—the only spot now on earth where the African slave trade is openly tolerated; and this in defiance of solemn treaties with a power abundantly able at any moment to enforce their execution. There the master, intent upon present gain, extorts from the slave as much labor as his physical powers are capable of enduring—knowing that, when death comes to his relief, his place can be supplied at a price reduced to the lowest point by the competition of rival African slave traders. Should this ever be the case in our country—which I do not deem possible—the present useful character of the domestic institution, wherein those too old and too young to work are provided for with care and humanity, and those capable of labor are not overworked, would undergo an unfortunate change. The feeling of reciprocal dependence and attachment which now exists between master and slave would be converted into mutual distrust and hostility.

But we are obliged as a Christian and moral nation, to consider what would be the effect upon unhappy Africa itself, if we should reopen the slave-trade. This would give the trade an impulse and extension, which has never had even in its palmiest days. The numerous victims required to supply it would convert the whole slave coast into a perfect Pandemonium, for which this country would be held responsible, as the owners of the ships and the crews would then be constantly engaged in predatory wars against each other for the purpose of seizing slaves to supply the American market. All hopes of African civilization would thus be ended.

On the other hand, when a market for African slaves shall no longer be furnished in Cuba, and thus the African slave trade, this trade, we may then indulge a reasonable hope for the gradual improvement of Africa. The chief motive of war among the tribes will cease, whenever there is no longer any demand for slaves. The resources of that fertile but miserable country might then be developed by the hand and industry of its own subjects, and legitimate foreign and domestic commerce. In this manner Christianity and civilization may gradually penetrate the existing gloom.

[ABSTRACT.—The rest of the Message refers to the success of our pacific policy in China—to the success of the Paraguay expedition—and to our amicable relations with the European nations except Spain, who has not paid the "Cuban claims," amounting to \$128,635.54, in which more than one hundred of our citizens are interested, and as one reason for her neglect, urges that the demand of the claimants in the famous Amistad case have not been satisfied. The purchase of Cuba is again proposed, and the prospects of the last annual message endorsed.]

A history of the disordered condition of Mexico is related; the wrongs our citizens have suffered from the Miramón Government are stated at length, and the conclusion reached is, that it is proper to ask from Congress power to enter Mexico with the military forces of the United States, at the call of the Constitutional Mexican authorities, to preserve order in that country, and to protect American citizens there. The recommendation in reference to the temporary establishment of military posts across the Mexican line in Sonora and Chihuahua, contained in the last message, is repeated.

Congress is again asked to bestow upon the President power to employ the naval force to protect American citizens while crossing the Panama, Nicaragua, and Tehuantepec routes, and to protect American merchant vessels in the ports of Mexico and the South American States. The President notices the objection to these requests, which is based upon the alleged unconstitutionality of conferring upon him the war-making power, and thinks it untenable.

A new law, requiring all the States to elect their Congressmen previous to the fourth of March of each year of old numbers, is recommended, so as to ensure a full House in case of an extraordinary session.

The construction of a Pacific railroad is again advocated. Retrenchment of the public expenditures is advocated, and an increase of the duties on imports recommended, if the deficiency now apprehended occurs.]

POLITICAL NEWS.

SLAVERY IN NEBRASKA.—The bill for the prohibition of slavery in Nebraska, which passed the lower branch of their Territorial Legislature by a vote of 21 to 17, has been defeated in the Council by a vote of 7 to 6.

MISSOURI.—There is pending before the Legislature a bill to prevent the immigration and settlement of free negroes in that State. Also, resolutions condemning the Harper's Ferry conspirators and their attempt to incite servile insurrection, and affirming allegiance to the Union and the Constitution.

COLONIAL MATTERS.—A bill passed by the Massachusetts Legislature, authorizing colored persons to join military organizations, has been vetoed by Governor Banks, on the ground that it conflicts with the Federal laws and Government, which alone have the power to decide what persons are competent for enrolment in the militia. The veto was sustained by the Legislature by a large vote.

FREE NEGROES.—The State of Arkansas has enacted a very stringent measure against free negroes, which would go into effect the 1st of January. All free negroes found in the State at that period were to be sold into slavery. In Mississippi, a law adopted on the 7th ult., provides that free negroes shall leave the State on or before the 1st of July, 1860; or, if they prefer to remain, that they shall be sold into slavery, with a right of choice of masters, at a price assessed by three disinterested slaveholders, the proceeds to go into the treasury of the county in which the provisions of the bill may require it to be executed.

CONSUMERS.—The last ballot taken in the House was as follows:—

TWENTY-FOURTH BALLOT.

Whole number of votes.	210
Necessary to a choice.	106
Mr. Sherman.	102
Mr. Scott.	82
Mr. Sumner.	11
Seating.	11

Congress adjourned by two majorities on Friday last week, to Tuesday of this.

THE MORMONS.—The Mormons, according to their own census, are decreasing. In 1857, they numbered 38,000; in 1858 only 33,022, and in 1859 only about 30,000. They claim, however, that they are increasing in the country at large, and in the world, and they ascribe the diminution in Utah to temporary causes and absences. It is computed that there are 32,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, and 7,000 on the continent of Europe, besides some 5,000 in Canada, 1,000 in Australia, and several thousand in the Eastern States and South America. Altogether they number 126,000. Utah is the only place where they practice polygamy and carry out their theories of civil government, as well as of religion, and it is the only place where they do not increase.

HATS CHALKED.—It is stated by the Oregon Statesman and Sacramento Union, that the members of Congress from California, Oregon, and Washington, travel to and from the Atlantic States, free of cost on passages furnished them by the steamship companies.



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Maxman and George W. Ann.—Ann Denham was the name of Maxman's wife, and a cheery, bright-eyed, noble woman she was. He believed that in marrying her he should be able to work with an interior spirit, for, like him, she had a taste for poetry and art, and besides was an enthusiastic admirer of her husband's genius. Yet when Sir Joshua Reynolds—himself a bachelor—met Maxman shortly after his marriage, he said to him, "So, Maxman, I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist." Maxman went straight home, and down beside his wife, took her hand in his, and said, "Ann, I'm ruined for an artist." "How so, John? How has it happened? and who has done it?" "It happened," he replied, "in the church, and Ann Denham has done it." He then told her of Sir Joshua's remark—whose opinion was well known and had been often expressed, that if students would excel they must bring the whole powers of their mind to bear upon their art from the moment they rise until they go to bed; and also that no man could be a great artist unless he studied the grand works of Raphael, Michel Angelo, and others, at Rome and Florence. "And I," said Maxman, drawing up his little figure to its full height, "I would be a great artist." "And a great artist you shall be," said his wife, "and visit Rome too, if that be really necessary to make you great." "But how?" asked Maxman. "Work and economize," rejoined the brave wife; "I will never have it said that Ann Denham ruined John Maxman for an artist." And so it was determined by the pair, that the journey to Rome was to be made when their means would admit. "I will go to Rome," said Maxman, "and show the President that wall-toe is for a man's good rather than his harm; and you, Ann, shall accompany me." He kept his word.—"Self-Help," by J. Smith.

## Agricultural.

### ICE AND ICE HOUSES.

Now that the air is icy, and snow covers the earth, we wish to turn the attention of our readers to the great winter crop.

Ice suitable for storing may be cut upon almost every farm or within a mile of it, and yet not one farmer in ten ever knows the luxury of a pitcher of ice water, or a dish of ice cream in the summer. Our cities and larger villages are well supplied with the luxury, so that families are served at their doors by dealers at an expense of from five to ten dollars a year. In these places the use of ice is rapidly increasing, and is coming to be considered a necessary of life, even in the families of laborers and tradesmen. It saves, in provisions, that would otherwise spoil, more than its cost.

But upon the farm, where ice grows in greatest abundance, and where it may be had without a dollar out of pocket the year round, ice in summer is the rarest of luxuries. We knew a few, like Deacon Jones, have kept an ice house for years, and a few more like Tom and his bride, smart young farmers, put up an ice house for the first time last season.—But the great majority do not yet feel the want of it.

Most of our wants are artificial, from the want of ground corn upon the table of every farmer, to the want of ground glass that flashes in the crystal goblets and pitchers of the rich. The African savage is indifferent to both, and his dusky daughter has never felt one of the many wants that are considered necessities in most civilized homes.

The fact that a farmer's family has always done without ice, is considered the best of all reasons why they should continue to do without it. It is certainly less trouble, and is therefore considered more economical. We have a standing quarrel with Jake Foster, both on his facts and philosophy. Jake states the case thus: "Now, ye see, we don't have ice in the summer by any natural means, and it stands to reason if the Almighty had intended we should use ice in summer, we should have it furnished in the natural way. Well water is good enough for me and my folks, and as to things spilling, why let 'em spill. Some things wa'n't meant to keep, I guess."

"Very well, Jake. Corn does not grow in winter, and I take it if the Almighty had intended we should have Johnny cakes and roast potatoes in cold weather, He would have provided some natural means to bring them on to the table piping hot, just where folks wanted to use them. Now, don't make a dry face at your own argument, and say that corn is a different thing. It is just as different from ice as ice is from corn."

The greatest hindrance in the way of the general use of ice is the want of conviction that it will pay. If the farmer would consider a moment, he would see that he loses enough every year from the want of the article, to pay for an ice house twice over. In the milk room he loses milk that would be available for butter or cheese if it could be preserved. His leg of veal or mutton taints for want of it, and the housewife complains of the loss of many cooked dishes that will not keep over night in sultry weather.

Butter, with a little ice around the box, can be carried to market so that it will present a clean waxy surface, and bring an extra price. Without it, it will often look more like soap grease than an article of food. It is depreciated several cents in the pound, and the farmer has to pocket the loss. Now, it is not fore-ordained that the housewife should continue to have all these losses, because her father had had them before him. He needs ice in his business as a dairyman, and in his family as much as the citizen.

The use of ice water in moderate quantities is favorable to health, and where it is used habitually there is little danger of excessive use. It takes a less quantity to quench thirst, and is much more grateful to the palate. It is a safeguard against fevers and other complaints to which we are exposed in summer and autumn. Its use in the treatment of disease is now very generally advocated by physicians.

But if it had no bearing upon health, it

should be used from the fact that it is more agreeable. Our instincts are in many things as safe a guide as reason. Why is it that almost every one in the heat of summer craves cold water, and the colder the better? The longing for cold is as universal as the longing for food, and we may quite as safely use the means to gratify it. We have never yet met with the man or child that did not prefer, as a matter of taste, ice beverages to those at the ordinary temperature of well water. We have used them for years, and have never felt or known any injurious effects from them. It is time that that "old wife's fable" that ice is not a safe article in the family was discarded among intelligent people.

Tax ice houses may be cheap or expensive, according to a man's taste and means. The essentials are few, and any farmer may build with his own hands, and generally from his own premises, a house that will keep ice as well as a building that costs a thousand dollars. In selecting a site for the building, convenience should be consulted, for it is an article that will be wanted daily. It may be above or partly below ground, as best suits the character of the place where it is to be put. In either case good drainage is essential.

If the bottom of the pit or cellar be sand or coarse gravel, nothing will be necessary but to cover it a foot deep with cobbles, or with chips and billets of wood. Ice will not keep well in a less body than a cube of ten feet, and if ice is nearly, it would be still better to have it larger. The sides of the cellar may be built of stone or brick, and the work above of the cheapest materials. The roof should be made to shed rain, and the sides be so constructed that the space between the outer and inner walls may be filled with some non-conducting substance. Slabs from the saw-mills will answer a temporary purpose, but boards are better, and are always to be preferred where a man builds upon his own premises.

The space between the outer and inner wall of the house should be at least a foot, and this should be packed solid with sawdust, or some other good non-conductor. Charcoal is better than sawdust, but is not enough better to pay for the extra expense. Sawdust can generally be procured from the saw or shingle mills, for the carting, and this is good enough. If the cracks in the gable ends are left without battering, it will furnish all the top ventilation needed.

THE PACKING OF THE ICE is about as important as the construction of the house, in order to have the ice keep well. Over the draining cobbles at the bottom, put a layer of straw or sawdust so that no heat from the earth below can be conveyed to the ice.

The cakes should be cut as regularly as possible, and as large as can be conveniently handled by two men. Two by three feet will be found a convenient size for cakes of one foot in thickness and less. A complete set of ice tools will cost about fifty dollars, if a man is going into the business of packing ice for sale. But to cut for a family, nothing more is needed than an ordinary cross-cut saw used for logs.

A hole is opened in the ice with an axe, and the saw follows a previously marked line along the outer edge of the space, from which the ice is to be taken. After the first tier of cakes is taken out, every fourth side of the cake may be split off with an axe about as straight as it can be sawed. Where a business is made of sawing ice, it can be furnished at the pond or river for twenty-five cents a ton. A pole with a hook at the end will be needed for pulling the cakes out of water on to the solid ice. One of the pleasantest scenes of winter is a party of ice men gathering their winter harvest.

The coldest weather should be selected for filling the house. Make the covering of sawdust as even as possible, then upon this lay the first tier as snug as it can be packed, leaving about six inches space upon the outside to be rammed with sawdust, or straw, or seaweed as you fill up. After each tier is laid, fill all the crevices with snow or pounded ice. If the weather is very cold, and the water will freeze immediately, this may be poured into the crevices.

Much of the success of the packing depends upon the filling of the cracks. If the whole mass is solid, all the melting must be upon the outside. Sweep off the first tier, and pack the second in the same manner, and so on until the house is filled to the eaves. On the top put a foot of sawdust or two feet of straw, or other non-conducting substance. The top should have just ventilation enough to carry off the heated air that accumulates in summer under the roof.

AFTER TREATMENT OF THE ICE. Some open the ice-house every day, or several times a day, making it, in fact, a refrigerator for family use. This frequent opening of the door lets in a large body of heated air, which affects the ice below. A better plan is to have a refrigerator made with double walls and holding at the bottom a cake of about a hundred pounds. A box with about three feet depth, length and width, will hold all the ice needed for a week, and such other perishable articles as are needed for family use. If the time for a refrigerator has not come yet, a common four barrel will answer for preserving the ice for several days. Pack it in dry sawdust, and use it as wanted. In the refrigerator the ice will keep much longer if it is wrapped in a piece of carpeting or woollen blanket.

With a well filled ice house and refrigerator the farmer's wife is mistress of her position as housekeeper. The flies can be kept at a distance from the cold meats, and no legs of mutton or veal will go the way of all flesh prematurely. Strawberries and other delicate fruits will not dissolve before the time, even if they are picked in the morning. They will come on to the table as fresh as if just gathered, and twice as cool. The palatableness of all summer fruits is very much enhanced by having them cool. They lose none of that delicate aroma at the table, which they have in the garden and fruit yard. Cucumbers and melons also may be kept for weeks in the ice box, and can be eaten in their best condition.

On opening the ice house at the beginning of summer, the sides should be examined, to see if the ice has melted away. All vacant places should be filled with dry sawdust, as fast as they make their appearance. It is the want of this precaution, that often leads to the rapid melting of the ice.

The first cold spell which makes thick ice should be improved to lay in the stock. It happens, in some years, that the only good ice forms in the early part of the winter. That is best, which is wholly made at a single cold cycle. If a thaw intervenes, the air gets in, and white ice is formed, which does not keep, like the solid crystal. The more transparent the ice, and the greater its thickness, the better it will keep.



SOMETHING LIKE AN ORDER.

SMALL GIRL (accompanied by her friends).—Say, mister! mother wants a cent's worth of your very best perfume, as she's goin' out to tea.

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We have seen ice kept very well in a common cellar, under a barn or out-building. In this case, the packing of non-conductors at the sides should be two feet in thickness, and the cellar should have drainage. But this is a wasteful, inconvenient method, and the better way is to put up a small building for the purpose, where it will be most convenient for use.

When the new ice house is stocked, do not fail to let it be known in the neighborhood.—Keep the pitcher of ice water well filled, and, even if you have not Sally Jones to preside over it, we will warrant it will find admirers, and it will not be long, before your neighbor will be asking the expense of an ice house.—Hartford Homestead.

### TEA IN THE UNITED STATES.

FROM THE LONDON "GARDENER'S CHRONICLE."

A few years ago the United States Government was led to take measures for the introduction of the Tea plant into the confederation, with a view to establishing if possible the preparation of Tea in some of the States. The success that has attended Mr. Fortune's operation for the East India Company having induced them to consult that gentleman, it was finally arranged that he should again proceed to the Celestial Empire for the purpose of obtaining as abundant a supply of plants for the West as has been secured for the East. His mission has been attended with the most complete success. A minute of the United States Patent Office now before us states that he was despatched in March, 1858, that he had obtained seed enough to plant 100 acres, a large portion of which had arrived by the 20th of June, 1859, and was flourishing in a propagating house, especially constructed at Washington for their reception. Applications for plants were even then made in such numbers that it had become necessary to refer to Congress for instructions as to their disposal.

Mr. Fortune returned to England some time ago, and has favored us with the following interesting report upon the final result of his expedition:—

"It will be seen by the accompanying papers that the results of my expedition to China for the Government of the United States have been very satisfactory. In little more than one year about 50,000 Tea plants, and many other vegetable productions useful in the arts or of ornamental character\* have been introduced to America from the Tea countries of China.

"This success was mainly owing to experience acquired during former visits to those countries. Arriving in China in the month of May I spent the first few months in visiting numerous Tea farms in different parts of the country, where I made arrangements with the natives for large supplies of seeds as soon as they ripened in the autumn. In October and November I repeated my visit to the same districts, and everywhere found supplies of seeds awaiting me. In former transactions with these Tea growers I had always treated them kindly and liberally, and I now found the advantage that resulted from such treatment. Seeds had been saved for me in all directions; I had only to pick them up and proceed onwards, and was thus enabled to get through a large amount of work in a short space of time. In December I reached the seaport of Shanghai with the whole of my collections in excellent condition. \*Tea seeds will not retain their vitality long

\*For example: the Camphor and Yellow trees, Cheong Palm, green dye plant (Rhamnus), safflower plants (Trifolium and Cornifolia), Wax insect tree (Fraxinus sp.), Yang-mao (Myrica sp.), southern fruit, such as the Lee-chee, Longan, Wampee, &c. &c.

If kept out of the soil. In order to guard against all risk a large number of Ward's cases had been previously prepared and filled with earth, and to these the seeds were immediately transferred. The first shipment was made in December, a few days after my arrival in Shanghai. Knowing that the vessels would probably arrive in America about the middle or end of March I thought it likely the seed would remain in the earth without vegetating during the voyage. Instead, therefore, of sowing the seeds near the surface in the usual manner, I mixed up large quantities with soil, and filled the case up with the mixture of earth and seeds. By this simple plan many thousands of seeds were carried to their destination, and when they arrived they were as sound as if they had been all the winter on a Chinese seed-bed. Of course it was necessary to unpack them immediately on arrival and sow them thinly in other quarters. In the other cases which were shipped later, this mode of packing would not have been safe. The seeds were therefore sown thickly and covered with earth in the usual manner, and in this state might vegetate on the voyage without any risk whatever. In the one case the object was to get the seeds quickly to their destination without vegetating, for had this taken place the experiment would have been a failure; in the other they were placed in circumstances favorable for vegetation, and the only change likely to occur would be this, that in China they were only seeds, while towards the end of the voyage or at its termination they would have changed into healthy young plants.

"The watering, closing the cases, shipping, and last, but not least, securing the good-will of captain and officers, were all important operations."

Not only has the Tea plant been thus introduced to the Eastern States, but, as is mentioned in another column, it has found its way to the Western; and our friends on both the Atlantic and Pacific sides are with their usual energy setting about growing it.

But there still remains the question whether they can turn it to profitable account. That their climate will be found to suit in some of the vast regions of the West there can be no reasonable doubt. But merely growing Tea plants will not make commercial Tea. The difficulty lies in the preparation of it, an operation which, as conducted in China, demands an enormous quantity of labor—the article of which beyond all others the United States have the least to spare. But it is really necessary to prepare Tea Chinese fashion?—to chop it up into little balls and twist it into all sorts of queer shapes with all sorts of names, in order to give it its diabolical value? Surely not. We have ourselves found out that the painted article called green Tea is not very wholesome and by no means the better for the paint; and we quite anticipate that our United States friends will have even already projected some sort of machine that will produce good marketable Tea without the assistance of human hands. This, indeed, we know, is the opinion of Mr. Fortune himself.

### HOW FREQUENTLY SHALL WE FODDER?

"How often in the course of the day shall stock be fed?" is a question answered variously by different farmers, some advocating but two meals, the majority giving three, while others give five or six feedings daily. From considerable experience in the care of stock, we have formed the opinion that animals are best satisfied, and most economically wintered when they have four or five feedings between daylight and nightfall.

Animals fed but twice a day, must be fed quite a large quantity, or they will have a good deal of unoccupied time, in which their anxiety for a fresh supply of food cannot be particularly conducive to thrift or quiet. And when largely supplied, large waste very frequently results, unless the fodder is placed where it cannot be wasted, which is not often the case with those who feed in this manner. The hungry cattle or sheep after so long a fast, run from one supply of fodder to another; the stronger animals driving the weaker around the yard several times, pulling the fodder from the boxes and dropping it on the way much more than is the case when fed frequently. Three feedings a day is thought as many

as can be conveniently given by a majority of farmers. It is when the farmer's business takes him much away from home, but a farmer ought to have no business which should cause him to neglect his stock in winter. When cattle are stabled, they ought to have a good feed as soon as light, (and they should whether stabled or not,) and after that is eaten, be watered and fed again; at noon another supply of food should be given, after that water and a small foddering, to be followed by a full one for the night. This makes five feedings in a day, and those may be varied in material or quality, so as to keep up the variety of food so well liked by all animals.

With plenty of corn fodder and straw, and with hay in short supply, we have tried the following routine:—First cornstalks fed on the frozen ground, or cut in pieces a foot long and fed in boxes or mangers, (in both cases the butts reserved for fine cutting and steaming;) next a feed of straw, slightly brined if not otherwise well eaten, hay at dinner time, straw for the afternoon meal, and cornstalks again at evening. Cut feed and meal when fed are usually given at noon instead of hay. We never had cattle do better, or fodder more economically consumed with as little labor in its preparation.

Sheep and calves need feeding four or five times a day, to have them eat well, without wasting their food, and without ever getting very hungry. If they have a pretty free supply, they are very apt to pull it out of their racks more or less, and always feed less quietly when hungry from long fasting. We would give hay but twice per day, even if very plentiful, giving bean or pea, or oat, or wheat straw for the other two feedings. And then they should have a little grain of some kind, oats, barley, beans, or corn, once a day through winter. Good shelter and water should in all cases be provided.

Perhaps we ought to qualify our commendation of frequent foddering more fully. Every farmer knows that his stock are far more quiet some days than others, that they eat better and waste less, and seem satisfied with far less attention. These restless days of storm and wind, when we would best like to be quiet ourselves, we have found the very days when our farm stock demanded our almost constant attention. Then we found the rule, "feed a little and often," of the most importance, and it is after such a day, and one spent mostly in the barn and yards, that we pen this hasty reminder.—Country Gentleman.

## Useful Receipts.

CURE FOR CHILBLAINS.—I saw some time since, a request from a Michigan correspondent, as to what was good for Chilblains. Having waited some time to hear those who had anything to offer, a lady correspondent has recommended suet skins as excellent. Now, as I have been troubled all my life with chilblains, and have tried suet skins and every other prescription I could hear of for fifty years, without being benefited, I will give, for the benefit of all whom it may concern, my remedy, which is this:—Good camphor, say 2 oz. of gum to one pint of good alcohol; keep the feet clean by washing in hot water, the hotter the better; then moisten the feet well with the camphor, by putting it into the hand and rubbing it well over the affected parts, and dry it in by a warm fire.

While my hand is in I will give you another recipe equally as good as the other: 1 pint alcohol; 2 oz. aqua ammonia; 2 oz. spirits turpentine; all put into a bottle together. Apply the same as the other. This is only the third winter since I have been able to wear boots the size of my feet, on account of chilblains. Now I am cured.—Rural New Yorker.

USE OF SNOW IN COOKERY.—I send the following recipe for snow cakes, which will be found worthy of attention:—

Put corn meal into a good-sized wood or other bowl, with sugar and salt to the taste; then add twice or three times its bulk of snow, and stir it together with a spoon. When well mixed, it appears like so much dry meal or snow. Fry a little on a hot griddle; if it cooks too dry to turn well, add more snow; if too wet to be light, add more meal; when just right, fry on the griddle in convenient-sized cakes, and they will be as light as can be desired.

I claim to have first suggested, "to the best of my knowledge and belief," the above cure for arriving at the right proportions—namely, trying a little on a hot griddle, and adding corn meal or snow, as the case may require.—W. Hunt, in Boston Cultivator.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Dr. Hall gives the following advice:—In case of scalding or burning the body, immersing the parts in cold water gives entire relief as instantaneously as the lightning. Meanwhile get some common dry flour and apply it an inch or two thick on the injured part, and keep sprinkling on water. Do nothing else, drink nothing but water; eat nothing until improvement commences, except dry bread, softened in very weak tea of some kind. Cures of many frightful burnings have been performed in this way as wonderful as they are painless.

FRONTING FOR CAKE.—Take the whites of eggs, perfectly free from the yolk, and beat it up till it will stand in shape or pile. Prepare the sugar by pounding and sifting through a fine sieve; add a tablespoonful of arrowroot or corn-starch to the white of each egg. Add the starch and as much sugar as it will receive, not allowing it to run at all; put on the cake while warm, not hot. Spread it with a knife. Set it back in the oven to dry while the oven is only warm. If this rule is followed, you can ornament the cake in any manner you please, as the icing is stiff enough to retain its form.—Country Gentleman.

"Are you the mate?" said a man to the Irish cook of a vessel lying in port. "No," said he, "but I'm the man that boils the mate."

It so happens that nothing exists, absolutely nothing, which is not, at some time, and to some persons, worrisome and even potentially disgusting.—De Quincy.

## The Riddler.

### BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 62 letters.  
My 28, 7, 22, 13, 27, is the name of one who was appointed to office, and of whom the people murmured.  
My 11, 33, 38, 14, was one of the grand-daughters of Hephher.  
My 32, 48, 23, 1, 39, 34, was one of the noted prophets.  
My 33, 2, 55, 45, 56, 53, 48, 18, 5, was one of the accusers of a noted follower of Jesus.  
My 51, 46, 22, 18, 43, 32, was one of the mountain spoken of in our Lord's travels.  
My 58, 54, 48, 38, 42, 19, was one of the guilty some of the high priest of whom the Lord made known to a child.  
My 1, 29, 31, 61, 58, 39, 47, was a wicked King that the Lord smote with an incurable disease.  
My 47, 28, 57, 18, 34, 26, 21, was a Jew of Galilee.  
My 59, 14, 61, 4, 3, 34, 7, 40, 24, 54, 25, 6, 49, 46, 28, 52, is a command from Heaven.  
My 60, 8, 40, 52, 30, 62, is a land that the Lord showed to Moses.  
My 47, 15, 9, 17, 7, 27, 31, 12, 48, 5, is the people that Moses was commanded to smite.  
My 52, 29, 59, 48, 44, is one of the most interesting of ancient nations.  
My 37, 41, 26, 48, 58, 2, 11, was a martyr to Christianity.  
My 29, 7, 56, was one of the twelve tribes of Israel.  
My whole is the name and one of the expressions of one of the most righteous persons that ever was on earth.  
S. HILL and H. McCLEAY.  
Upper Middletown, Fayette Co., Pa.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 16 letters.  
My 18, 3, 5, 6, is a vegetable.  
My 9, 13, 7, is a color.  
My 5, 4, 13, is an implement used for cutting.  
My 6, 11, 12, is an adverb.  
My 12, 3, 6, is a number.  
My 2, 5, 7, 14, 8, is a kitchen utensil.  
My 10, 5, 12, is a bird.  
My 12, 3, 5, is an article which is used very much.  
My 15, 1, 12, is that which every one does.  
My 10, 11, 16, 1, 4, is a drug.  
My whole is the name of a Congressman elect from Virginia.  
Wood Lawn, Ky. J. H. G.

### MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
I am composed of 38 letters.  
My 10, 31, 8, 14, 1, was a Grecian goddess.  
My 28, 37, 19, 5, 21, 16, 9, was an English poet.  
My 35, 7, 38, is a number.  
My 33, 24, 4, 15, 37, 2, 29, 22, 37, 9, is an animal.  
My 18, 13, 3, 11, 38, 9, is a city in Europe.  
My 10, 37, 28, 34, 38, 12, 7, 34, 30, is an insect found in Mexico.  
My 3, 37, 6, 17, 25, 18, 27, is a schoolboy's delight.  
My 20, 7, 31, 23, is a vegetable.  
My 17, 1, 26, 32, 14, 19, is a girl's name.  
My 1, 37, 8, 18, 23, 34, is a mountain in South America.  
My whole is what took place recently.  
T. T. and W. F.

### REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
A man to the world of letters known.  
A tree that grows in the torrid zone.  
An island much renowned for size.  
Where tropic splendor in profusion lies.  
A large and growing western State.  
A city by all acknowledged great.  
If with these initials you form a word,  
'Twill bring to mind a pretty bird.  
Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa. A. K. HOWRY.

### ANAGRAMS.

On Towns in the Middle States.  
WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Worn Key. Map Dots.  
Hat sings. Best Gun Dog.  
Dance Levil. Eli Ham.  
I won't Slew. Grub Hip Pils.  
Lest Stee Cat. Hy' Roman.  
Lave B. Ride. Dear Gin.  
SCOTT.

### MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Two horses at pasture can graze in circles whose diameters are sixteen and twelve yards respectively. But the stakes to which they are fastened are only twelve yards apart. How much area in square yards is thus accessible to both horses?  
Charlottesville, N. Y. E. Y. LANDIS.

### MATHEMATICAL QUESTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.  
Reuben, Levi and Benjamin, in respect to each other, were living in the shape of a right-angled triangle. At half way distance between Reuben and Levi lived Ephraim, and at half way distance between Levi and Benjamin lived Manasseh. Now the distance from Reuben to Manasseh was 250 perches, and the distance from Benjamin to Ephraim was only 200 perches. How far were Reuben and Benjamin living apart?  
Kraterville, Snyder Co., Pa. DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

### CONUNDRUMS.

Why is Sambo like a Magician? Ans.—Because he's a negro man, sir (necromancer).  
Why is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—Because he premeds his suit.  
When should a painter discard the pallet? Ans.—When he can't earn his bread and cheese.  
When are a sweet apple and a sour one alike? Ans.—When they're pared.

### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.—"Greet all the brethren with a holy kiss." CHARADE.—Ambush. CHA-RADE.—Newspaper. ANAGRAMS.—Baltimore, St. Louis, Boston, New Orleans, Columbia, Richmond, Raleigh, Charleston, Hamburg, Pensacola, Albany, Wheeling, Cumberland, Buffalo, Frederick, Detroit, Springfield, Cincinnati, Romney, Chicago, Toledo, Hartford, Concord, Augusta, Sacramento. PROBLEM.—134½ yards. PROBLEM 150. PROBLEM.—64.